


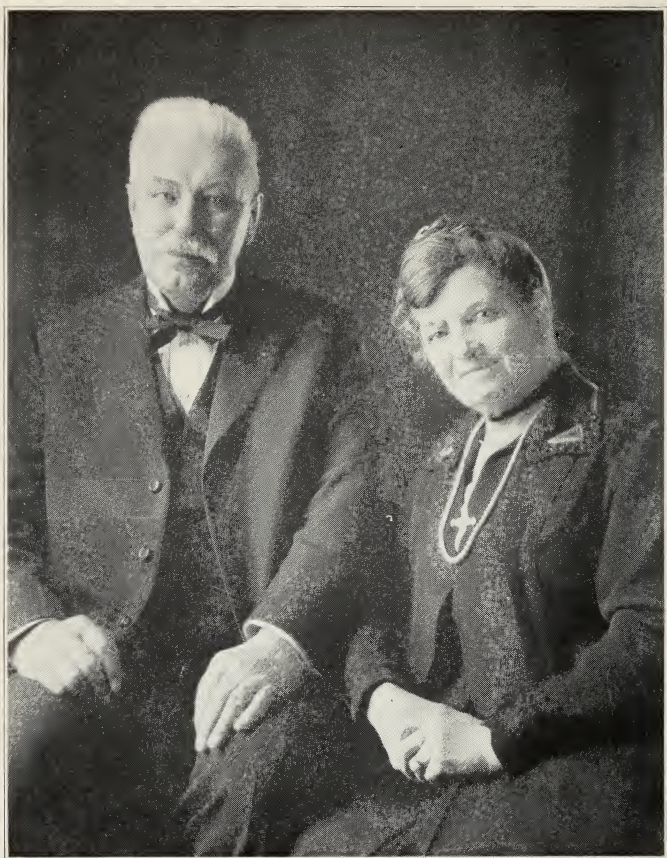
Sixty Years in Chicago

Autobiography
of
August Lueders

ILLINOIS HISTORICAL SURVEY

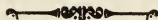


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
University of Illinois Urbana-Champaign



AUGUST AND LENA LUEDERS

Sixty Years in Chicago



Autobiography *of* August Lueders



Chicago, Illinois
1929

PRINTED BY
FRED KLEIN COMPANY

977.311092
L9682

J. H. Hist. Soc.

Introduction to the Biography of my Friend, August Lueders

When I reflect, mentally, and think of all my dear friends at this moment, I must state that my friend, August Lueders, was one of the noblest men, who, during his entire life always sought to do the best.

Many years ago when my friend and brother August Lueders paid his first visit to our Aurora Lodge in Milwaukee, we had a crowded house and there was not enough room to accommodate the visiting brethren. Friend August Lueders could not find a seat. I was at that time Treasurer of the Lodge, and, as it was much easier for me to stand, I yielded my officer's chair to August. Under the circumstances I considered this my duty. Friend August never forgot this, although it was of no importance. He also had numerous other friends in Milwaukee who honored him.

I wish to especially mention that August Lueders accomplished a great deal in his beloved Lessing Lodge. Enormous festivities were conducted in a distinguished manner. I personally attended all of these festivities. August Lueders, with untiring energy, faithfully performed all of his Masonic obligations. His outstanding achievement was the Golden Jubilee Festival of Lessing Lodge.

With best wishes I remain, as always,

Your friend and brother,

C. H. KINNEKE.

Milwaukee, Wis., January 18, 1928.

I WAS born on the 24th day of August, 1853, in the village of Armstedt, Holstein, Germany, a son of Hartwig Lueders, who first saw the light of day at the same place on September 25th, 1825, and Margaret Christine Seligmann, who was born on December 27, 1827, in the village of Ascheberg in Holstein, but who later with her parents moved to Armstedt, where they took up their homestead. My parents married in 1851 and my father, who had learned the trade of a weaver, in 1853 moved to Neumuenster, Holstein, from where our family originally came, and established himself there as a weaver of cloth. We lived there until July, 1868, when my father and mother with their five children emigrated to America, arriving in Chicago on the 8th day of August.

I spent my childhood in Neumuenster, and attended the public school till the time of our emigration. The schools there, which were run according to the Danish system, were not the very best, but I received private lessons in Latin from Rector Hussmann and French lessons from Miss Doris de Charles who also gave me lessons in English twice a week for three months.

That is all the instruction I received in these languages, the rest I acquired by self-study. I was forced to learn to write English when later on I was placed on the Chicago Police Force and I acquired this knowledge by copying the reports in the Police Station, where I was stationed. The desk officers there, Thos. Maloney and Ignatz von Britzke, were of great help to me so that within a year I was able to write very good reports.

During my boyhood years I had quite a lot of experiences. As a small boy, the larger ones took me on the ice in winter time to find out whether it was thick enough for them, and many a time I broke through. Then they dragged me out of the water, many times wet to the skin and with a great hallo, brought me home, where quite frequently my mother greeted me with a good spanking. Later on in summer, my father

took me out bathing and taught me to swim. Soon I was his better in this art so that when I was about 13 or 14 years of age I rescued two boys from drowning. They had become unconscious. Also during the last year of our stay at Neumuenster I saved a girl of my own age, who also was unconscious when I brought her to shore. In all three cases we brought them back to life by rolling them in the grass for some length of time. Many other boys were present at the three cases and all hollered: "He or she is drowning," but nobody jumped into the water, which was rather deep there, to help them.

Neumuenster at the time was a village of about 6,000 or 7,000 inhabitants, among whom were some very original people, who committed many a joke, some of which I will relate later on. One of these people, Carl Segen, lived on the same street—Schleusberg—where my father had bought his property, right next to Sievers Factory and from where we received our steam power. Mr. Segen had two daughters, one of whom died, and the other worked for a farmer in Rieckling, half way to Segeberg. Some musicians of Fey's band, who on Saturday evenings had played in Tungendorf, which now is incorporated in the town of Neumuenster, passed by the old cemetery on their way home, where the second church is now standing. They were feeling good and one of them climbed on the surrounding wall and said: "We have played the whole night for the live ones, now let me play something for the dead ones." He blew into his trumpet when suddenly a voice which sounded like it came from a grave was heard: "Let the dead ones rest!" When he heard this several times he became so frightened that he fell off the wall and was stricken with an acute nervous fever. The wall was about 5 feet high. The other ones, showing more courage, went into the cemetery and there found Carl Segen on the grave of his daughter, sleeping off a bad headache he had acquired by imbibing in too much whiskey.

Another character who also committed much mischief kept a general store right across the street from Mr. Segen. His name was Kelsen. Once Mr. Sachs, the potter, who carried his earthenware along for sale, met Mr. Kelsen who asked him how much he wanted for his wares, and Sachs answered "A Preussen (Prussian)." By that he meant a Thaler, but did not express it in so many words, so Kelsen handed him the picture of a Prussian soldier and then broke all the earthenware Sachs was carrying with him. He then told him that if he would come into his store he would give him a whole sheet full of such picture soldiers.

It was shortly after the war of 1864 and Kelsen found out that the postmaster had no assistant and that in case of necessity he would have to drive the post coach himself. He and the postmaster were deadly enemies, so Kelsen wanted to play a trick on the postmaster. He went to Carl Segen and invited him to visit his daughter in Rieckling; he could go with the extra stage and take Mr. Christ Stoelt and anyone else along and he gave him the money to do so. Segen went to the postmaster and ordered the extra stage coach. The Postmaster did not believe that Segen was in earnest, but when he put up the money, Mr. Bloecker, the postmaster, could not help himself. He started with them at noontime, returning at 8 o'clock in the evening. During the afternoon, Kelsen let it be known through the public village crier that at 8 o'clock in the evening the three gentlemen were to return from their excursion and that a great reception was planned for them. More than half of the population of Neumuenster gathered on the Schleusberg at 8 o'clock in the evening to see the fun and Mr. Bloecker and his guests were received with great applause.

One night during the summer of 1863 fire broke out on the Schleusberg. Eighteen buildings burned and our field policeman, known under the name of Klas Vidudel, lost his life.

He was an elderly man and could not get out of his house quickly enough. His successor was a much younger man. A few years later some six or seven boys were tramping on forbidden paths in the fields and the watchman was chasing us. Only one way was left us for escape and that was through Sievers' garden, which bordered on the public meadows. The garden, however, also bordered on a branch of the Schwale, which was a shallow river, and deep only after a heavy rain. But it had some deep places, especially at its bends. One of these places was known under the name of "Perkuhl" (horse's hole) because one time a horse drowned there.

When we got to Mr. Sievers' garden, old Mr. Sievers was standing there and forbade us to pass. Nothing was left for us to do but jump into the Perkuhl with our clothes on our backs. This we did, for we all could swim. On the other side was the garden of a Mr. Pugh, an Englishman, and a shoemaker by profession, who had bought that place. We all got through safely. Mr. Pugh, who was standing there, laughed out loud and the watchman who jumped in the river after us, could not swim and would have drowned if Mr. Pugh had not fished him out. But we were far away by that time in the home of one, whose father had a bakery and where we dried our clothing.

Three of us, Johannes Bartram, still living in Portland; Eduard Mangelsen, who died long ago, and I carried out another bit of mischief. We three were in the garden of Mangelsen, which bordered on the pond formed by the Schwale in the center of the village. On the other side of the pond was Rector Hussmann's garden which was full of ripe gooseberries. We took off our clothes, swam to the other side of the pond, and laid down naked under the currant and gooseberry bushes and partook of the berries to our heart's content. Suddenly old Rector Hussmann appeared and asked us where we had left our clothes. We answered that they were

in Mangelsen's garden. To his question whether we could get them, we, of course, had to answer that we could. Now then, he said, go and get them. As he knew us, there was no sense in running away. So we swam back to Mangelsen's garden and from there returned with our clothes packed in bundles—we had our shoes and everything packed tight together and held them over our heads. He took the clothes away from us and then ordered us to put them on. Meanwhile he fetched some baskets and we had to pick the berries. We were allowed to eat as much as we wanted. We picked berries from 3 o'clock until 9 o'clock at night. At 6 o'clock he brought some sandwiches and a glass of milk for each of us. He never said anything about the incident to our parents.

On another occasion he protected two of us. After 1864 we had a battalion of Prussian soldiers billeted in Neumuenster. They felt themselves much above us and called us the foolish low Germans (*Dumme Plattdeutsche*). They themselves came from Magdeburg and Halle. In the summer of 1867 one of the lieutenants conducted himself very unbecomingly toward our larger school-girls. These girls, aged about 14 years, had to pass a pleasure garden on their way home from school, in order to cut short part of the way. This particular lieutenant was there every afternoon and tried to kiss the girls and also to lay hands on them in some way or another. Complaint about this did not bring results. Then another boy, Fritz Theede, and I decided to take the matter into our own hands and to beat up the fellow in proper manner. We were not afraid as we were big and strong. So on the next afternoon we asked our good Rector to allow us to go home earlier. An hour before close of school we were at the alley, concealed behind a bush. As we expected, the lieutenant appeared and when he tried to touch the girls, my friend Fritz attacked him from the rear and held his arms tight so that he could not use them, and I plastered his face

with hardy blows with my fist so that the blood began to flow freely and other marks became visible. The lieutenant began to cry for help and when eventually two soldiers came from the other side of the street, we threw the fellow on the ground and by jumping over the ditches, which were on each side of the street, made our escape without having been recognized. The lieutenant was absent from the drill grounds for over two weeks, and a complaint was lodged with the Rector next day, with orders to apprehend the boys. The Rector gave us a good talking to in a general way. But that was all. Everyone in Neumuenster knew who the actors were, but not our Rector. At least he did not betray us. And the girls were not molested any more from that time on, neither by the lieutenant nor anyone else.

During the last winter of my school days, I and three larger boys were on our way home. It was about 6 o'clock, when suddenly four soldiers appeared who accused us of having thrown snow balls at them. We had not done this and told them so, but the soldiers threatened to throw us into the water. Then one of us answered that they might try it if they dared. They attacked us, and then four couples were lying in the snow with the soldiers beneath, for we were stronger than they were, and they received the beating that was due them. Our Rector had a report ready about this affair the next morning also, but he laughed about it as did all the citizens of Neumuenster, for anything of that kind spread like wildfire and found general approval, because it proved our fearlessness. Our Rector was well beloved. Sometimes he preached in the church in the other Pastor's absence and the church was filled to overflowing while at other times hardly a dozen people were present. Neumuenster at that time had many original characters. For instance, a merchant, who dealt in everything, was known under the name of Jochen Schmutt, while his real name was Behrens.

I visited my grandmother, who was living in Armstedt, very frequently and many times I walked the whole distance which was eleven English miles. My uncle Hans Seligmann, who bought up butter for merchants in Hamburg, often took me there with him during vacation times, where I measured my strength with other boys.

My reminiscences of the Danish times are not of especial importance as I was hardly ten and one-half years old when the Saxons and the Hannoveranians marched into Holstein. The Danes had built 18 forts around Neumuenster and there they planned to oppose the invading armies. But when the Saxons arrived, between Christmas and New Year's Day, the Danish soldiers retired amidst curses and maledictions. They called us "Du Tueske Aberkat" (Thou German Cat), also pointed their guns at us, as if they wanted to fire, but they did not do it. They were not more than 500 feet away.

My mother had washed on Tuesday and I came home with two Saxons who were to be billeted with us, as Neumuenster had no barracks. It was 2:30 in the afternoon, so my mother prepared two great cans of coffee, one for the family and the apprentices (we had two of them) and one for the Saxons, who, as is well known, like coffee very much. She then gave the soldiers bread, butter, ham and sausage and told them to help themselves. The coffee was kept warm in a tiled oven, which also served for heating purposes. When mother reappeared at 4 o'clock with the hired girl to serve coffee to all of us, she found that the Saxons had consumed all the coffee, about 2 gallons, and she had to make new coffee for the family. Thus she made the acquaintance of the real coffee-Saxons on the first day of their arrival.

After that Hannoveranians, Prussians and Austrians alternately arrived and the Saxons and Hannoveranians were pushed aside, while the others occupied Holstein.

The Danes had the intention of voluntarily giving up Hol-

stein, but the people did not wish this ; neither did the Prussians and Austrians desire it. But when the Prussians again placed General Wrangel at the head of the army, the people of Holstein made such a protest that he was recalled and Prince Friedrich Carl was put in his place. The population claimed that General Wrangel had sold and betrayed the people of Schleswig-Holstein in their fight for liberation in 1848-1850 as he was a Dane himself and would stand by them.

The winter of 1864 was terribly cold with a great deal of snow so that the highways could hardly be kept passable. But as soon as a sufficient number of soldiers had arrived, the dance began. In the southern part of Schleswig there were the celebrated Dannewerker Forts, almost a thousand years old, which the Danes had rebuilt or repaired. The Austrians were placed opposite the city of Schleswig and westerly thereof, while the Prussians were placed toward the east and attacked Missunde, but could not get through there.

Then something happened that is not narrated in the history books, but which is true notwithstanding. The Danes had beaten up a young fisherman of Eckernförde and put him into prison. However, he escaped from there and he knew the country thoroughly. He had observed that the Schlei was frozen over at a place where it was narrow, and not well guarded, and it was possible that soldiers with small cannons could get over it. The young fisherman reported at the headquarters of Prince Friedrich Karl. The Prince had already retired, but as the young man did not wish to impart his knowledge to anyone else, the Prince was awakened and thus heard the story of the young fisherman.

The Prince asked him whether he could ride horseback and on his acknowledging this, an adjutant was sent along with him. On their return, the fisherman showed them two big piles of straw, which could be rolled around the wheels of the cannons so that they would not make any noise. Under

the guidance of the fisherman 5000 Prussians succeeded in getting across there before the Danes noticed it, and they, in consequence, were forced to withdraw.

The Prussians could not pursue the Danes as all highways were so full of snow that nobody could get through. The Austrians, who had been stationed before the city of Schleswig, succeeded in pursuing the Danes on the highway to Flensburg. They caught up with them near Oewersee, where a rearguard action was fought.

This young fisherman received 1000 Prussian Thalers as a reward and the Prussian government offered to train him as an officer. Whether he accepted that, I do not know, as the German history books do not contain the story. So one can see that even at that time they understood how to falsify history. But the above story is the truth.

We did not have to go to school much as all schools had been turned into hospitals for the wounded. Thus we had plenty of time to observe everything; and almost every day new soldiers passed through the town. Then at the time when the heavy snowfall occurred, everybody, poor or rich, had to get out and shovel snow so as to clean up the highways and byways to Rendsburg, for the one track railroad could not help very much. Neumuenster as the former central shipping point had very many horse stables and these were used to the utmost extent.

One day we received as an extra addition a small Saxon soldier who had three toes frozen on each foot. The next morning the regimental physician came and asked my mother for some hot water, of which we had plenty. Mother asked him what he wanted it for and he answered, to amputate the toes. "What do you want to do," asked mother, while I was standing beside her, "make this man miserable and a cripple for the rest of his life?" With that, my mother, a farmer's daughter and not a little one at that, took the doctor by his

neck and pants and threw him out of the door. Outside, the doctor, quite excited, could not say anything but "Yes, dear madam! Yes, dear madam!" And my mother told the doctor that if he could not help this young man without amputating his toes, she would help the poor fellow herself. Then the doctor adopted another attitude and the poor fellow kept his toes.

The Prussian soldiers behaved themselves very well, and were well disciplined. But with the Austrians it sometimes was different. For instance, I always had to try everything that we gave them to eat first to show that it was not poisoned before they touched anything themselves. They committed many petty nuisances and once a Hungarian hussar chased my mother out of the house with a drawn sabre. However he received 72 strokes with a cane for it. Next to us, at Sievers, a captain of cavalry was billeted. Otherwise we did not have much trouble and got along well with the soldiers, but many other citizens did not have such luck.

It was the rule that the soldiers must be fed first. Now during the winter many people had "Schwarzsauer" (a good meal for those who knew what it was)—a soup made up with blood. The soldiers did not want to eat this, as they did not want shoe polish. My mother did not offer it to the Austrians. But when the soldiers saw that we relished it, they also wanted to try it, and after tasting it, declared it was good.

From 1848 the exasperation against the Prussians was great. When on April 18 they stormed the Dueppeler Forts and on the next morning King William with his entourage (Bismarck was also there) passed through Neumuenster, our parents admonished us that we school boys, who at the time were temporarily stationed in two new buildings, should under no conditions take off our hats and holler "Hurrah." This was all right, for the orders of the parents were strictly obeyed. It was a shame for the teachers, though, but they

could not help it, for the injunctions of the parents came first. I stood not three feet away from King William, later emperor of Germany. That action was not a show of friendship for the Danes but the expression of the bitter feelings against Prussia.

Schleswig-Holstein then for three years was under a provisional rule, Schleswig under Prussian and Holstein under Austrian rule, and General Gablenz was commissioner. He was very well liked and when the Prussians annexed Schleswig-Holstein on January 6, 1867, we boys threw snowballs at the Colonel who read the annexation document on the public square and one of the snowballs struck him right in the mouth when he was ready to bring out an ovation for King Wilhelm. Thus he could not cry out the "Hoch der König!" We however were chased away.

The times for the business men turned from bad to worse and when my father lost 4000 Prussian Thalers during that year, my parents decided finally that it would be best to emigrate. They could not sell the house and for that reason they took up as much in mortgages as was possible. Then on July 22, 1868, we left on the steamer Holstein from Hamburg for America and on August 3rd at 4 in the morning we arrived in New York. On the next day we left there for Chicago on an immigrant train and arrived here on August 8th, a Saturday morning, at 10 o'clock. My father had still 70 paper dollars in his possession. We were 5 children, and I, the oldest, not yet 15 years of age.

When we arrived at the Rock Island station some fellow took hold of my father and wanted to do everything for him, but a policeman—Henry Simmrott—gave him a good thrashing. Six years after that I myself was a colleague of that policeman and we often talked about the incident.

On the morning of our second day in New York I had a small adventure. There were two men from Neumuenster and

one from Altona who wanted to see something of the town and we were nearly through Battery Park, when a man approached us and wanted to sell us a watch. We, of course, did not wish to buy one, for we all had watches, but he became obnoxious and wanted to make an exchange with us and drew my watch out of my pocket. I was the youngest in the crowd, but not the smallest, and I could not stand this, so while I took my watch away from him with my left hand, I applied two good blows on his face with my right fist so that the blood began to flow. He hollered "police, police" and ran away, and we, who also were somewhat frightened, ran back to Castle Garden, where the immigrants landed at that time. It is now an aquarium.

That was my first reception in this country and later on I experienced quite a number of similar affairs here.

My first place of employment in Chicago was with Schober and Heinemann at the southeast corner of Clark and Lake Streets. On Washington's Birthday, we had a half holiday and I went home. A lot of snow was still laying on the streets. At that time we lived at Catharine (15th) street near Canal, and when I neared there, I saw a crowd of seven or eight boys standing there, one of whom said: "Let us have some fun with this Dutchman." All were armed with sticks, but the Dutchman who did not understand the joke, sailed right in between the boys, snatched the stick away from one of them and hit to the right and left in such manner that all the boys ran away. Their leader was 18 years old and of German descent. He ran along Wright street near the house of his parents through a gate in the fence, which he slammed shut. I, however, jumped over the fence and gave this boy an extra thrashing, which signs still showed two weeks later.

The uncle of that boy was a justice of the peace at that time, named Enzenbacher. The fellow had me arrested and

although all the neighbors appeared and testified that they had seen everything and were glad that I had beaten and chased away these street gamins, the judge fined me \$5.00 and costs, total \$7.50. That money our neighbors put up for me so that I would not be sent to the work-house. I repaid the amount at \$1.00 per week.

Eight years later I got more than even with this Mr. Enzenbacher. I received the third degree in Lessing Lodge No. 557, A. F. & A. M., when many visitors were present and among them was Mr. Enzenbacher. He also wanted to congratulate me and press my hand as a fellow Mason, but I refused it and said that I would not recognize him as a brother under any condition because he had fined the young immigrant, who had defended himself against a lot of loafers, one of whom, the leader, his nephew, who was three years older than myself, \$5.00 and costs, and that the money so obtained had been blood-money and that I despised him on that account. I was even, for all those present said I was in the right. I just mention this to show how unjustly the immigrants were often treated at that time.

During the summer of 1869 my parents allowed themselves to be fooled by an agent, a former land owner, into moving to Vaiden, Mississippi, to acquire land there by working for it. I did not go along and remained here in Chicago. In the meantime I had changed my place of employment and worked with a house painter by the name of Wm. Reasons, a Canadian, where I earned \$7.00 per week. However, when my parents moved away, I had to pay \$5.00 per week for board, leaving me just \$2.00 per week for my own necessities. But my boardinghouse keepers complained that I ate too much, because I was still growing and also had a good appetite.

A colleague of mine was boarding with a saloonkeeper and paid only \$4.00 per week. So I went there to get my board and lodging. The man was from Mecklenburg and I asked

him if I could eat as much as I wanted, whereupon he told his wife: "Give that boy as much to eat as he can stand." On the day before I left the \$5.00 place, at the advice of my roommate, I ate all the pancakes that the cook brought into the room. My roommate just ate a few, all the rest were for me, and the landlady got mad about it. My roommate, an American, laughed about it and made fun of her.

I came to Chicago with a turner-pass of the Turn-Verein in Neumuenster. That pass was accepted by the Turnverein Aurora and I became a member of that Society. As to my age, nobody inquired about that as I looked much older than my 16 years. The following spring a young man with other immigrants from Neumuenster arrived in Chicago. He came from Altona, and his name was John Rumpf.

When my parents moved away we got acquainted with a family by the name of Rath, from Pommerania. The head of the family was a widow, whose oldest son I met in the Aurora Turn-Verein. Later on we moved over there and boarded with Mrs. Rath. The old lady took care of our wash and so we were better off than before. In fact, I now had \$4.00 per week for myself and sometimes I made extra money painting floors, etc. This was enough for me to get along with.

As I stated in the beginning, my mother was born in the village of Ascheberg, where her ancestors had settled, coming from Saxony in 1687. The church registers state that John Andreas Seligmann, farmer and soldier, born in Saxony, had come there. In 1719 he married a girl by the name of Pries, and a descendant, Hans Jacob Seligmann, was born in 1782 in Hoefen. The latter was married in 1809 to Anna Maria Kiekbusch from Gniessau, Holstein, that part which belonged to Oldenburg. By chance we met a relative of Anna Maria Kiekbusch in Cincinnati on one of our visits there. We came from New Orleans, and were in Cincinnati for three days, but did not meet him again.

I knew my grandfather very well and have his silver spoon today. I can tell many stories about him, things that he told me himself. Grandfather was a very fine man and was well-known for his unusual strength. One of my old friends, who knew him better than I did, also told many stories about him. In 1812 when the Russians invaded Holstein, grandfather brought his wife and son into the neutral district of Eutin. On his way home he saw three horses tied before a house. He became suspicious and picking up a heavy piece of wood, went inside and found a soldier with drawn sabre standing guard, while the other two were plundering the house. The man on guard lifted his sword to slay my grandfather, but the latter was quicker with his heavy stick and the Russian was laying on the floor with his head crushed. The other two met the same fate by two more strikes and three dead plunderers were the result. Grandfather and a friend put the three corpses, just as they were, on the wagon and took them to a heavily timbered place some distance away, but the horses they kept for themselves.

In the village where my grandfather lived, a ghost appeared every night about midnight. Grandfather wanted to know who the ghost was and notwithstanding the pleadings of grandmother, he went to meet the ghost. A few blows with his heavy cane and the ghost sank down. Next morning it was found that a farmer of the village had played the trick. He had to remain in bed for over two months and never again tried to play ghost.

At that time it was the custom that the farmers of one village went to visit those of other villages during festive times. One of my friends, Hans Runge, who knew my grandfather, told me the following story: my grandfather had moved to the village of Armstedt in 1840. One day when they were on such a festival visit to a neighboring village, the young people began a fight and despite the fact that the older people

asked them to stop, they kept on fighting, so my grandfather was called to restore order. He was playing cards, but got up from the table and made an appeal for peace. As the ruffians did not want to listen to that, he took one of them by the legs and with that young man's body as a weapon he beat up the rest of them. That helped and soon order was restored.

A similar affair happened in another village. While visiting there the young fellows commenced to fight. Grandfather took one after the other and threw them up on the hill. This was a place about ten feet higher than the dancing floors. In a short time order was restored and they then asked who the strong man was. When they learned that it was Mr. Seligmann from Armstedt they were well satisfied as they did not dare to get into a fight with him.

It was well known also that in spring or fall at seeding time he took a sack of wheat or other grain, weighing 600 or 700 pounds, on his back and carried it to the field. I surely would have learned a great deal more about my grandfather from friend Runge, but he died suddenly. When my grandfather died in the spring of 1863, I was about 10 years old.

When the great fire broke out in Hamburg in 1842 he furnished four horses for the fire engines from Rendsburg, which were sent there. The fire lasted three days. He went with the fire apparatus to Kaltenkirchen, where other horses were supplied, and from there drove two horses with a wagon to Hamburg.

That is about all I know of my grandfather on my mother's side. He told me a story of one of his ancestors, who was shanghaied by emissaries who tried to enlist or kidnap large men for the army of the father of Frederick the Great. They had gotten him drunk, put the bounty money into his pocket and succeeded in getting him over the frontier into Mecklenburg. When he awakened during the night, he found that he was bound. However, he broke the cords hold-

ing him, picked up a heavy cane and with it belabored his captors until they were half dead and could not pursue him. So he escaped and got back safely to Holstein, where he was protected, as Holstein was under Danish rule.

Of my grandparents on my father's side I do not know very much except that my grandfather had a smith's shop in Armstedt, which, up to the time of our emigration was in possession of my father's oldest brother. His name was Hans Lueders. Both grandparents died in 1848 of pneumonia.

The property which Grandfather Seligmann bought in Armstedt in 1840, was sold back to the former owner, Urach Buenz. He was the great-uncle of Vice-Consul F. Buenz who at one time resided here in Chicago. Elizabeth, daughter of Mark Buenz, married Mark Delps, bought back the property in 1856, and their daughter married Joachim Rawe, whom I knew very well and whom I frequently met when I visited my grandmother. I met their son, Joachim Rawe, in 1900 and also in 1925, when I went there on a visit. Consul Buenz, as is well known, was wounded in the beginning of the war and died as a consequence. His uncle, the well beloved Consul Dr. Karl Buenz from Marne, Holstein, was betrayed by certain Germans and was sentenced to four years imprisonment at Fort Leavenworth. He did not want to accept a pardon from President Wilson and died despite the fact that the best of care was given him there.

That is all I know of my grandparents in Germany. Here is a story that I had almost forgotten. I do not remember exactly whether it was in 1862 or 1863, when one Sunday afternoon people came into our garden and hollered that Sievers' great factory was afire. Mr. Sievers and family had visited on a farm known as Bothkamp that morning. I remember that fire very well. All the hose that could be obtained was laid into the river Schwale, which ran along our house, and connected with the fire pumps, but the fac-

tory burned down. Our small machine shop and Mr. Sievers' residence were saved. The latter however later on was torn down and rebuilt.

Every year we had a shooting festival. For three years I was an officer in the society, twice lieutenant. The last year I was the highest alderman, and on the mornings of all these occasions we marched to the place where the festival was to be held. The last year we had five companies, who previously had been drilled and on one occasion I saved a boy from drowning. At all of these festivals, Mr. Sievers loaned me his sword and I wore it at four successive yearly festivals. Mr. Sievers was an officer of the citizens' guild, which also had a shooting festival every year. Neighbor Sievers' youngest son who was born the year in which we emigrated, has a very responsible position here with Wieboldt's.

When we were in Neumuenster in 1900, the shooting festival was being celebrated and we took part in it. Our son Walter marched around with the sword that I had carried for four years.

While writing this, a few more memories of my childhood days come back to me. It was just after the war of 1864. We still had soldiers stationed with us and we always had two of them as Neumuenster did not have any barracks. There was a building there that was called a barracks (Kaserne) where the town hall now stands. In the basement of the building was a saloon which as is the custom in most German cities was called "Rathskeller." In 1900 we had gone there with my schoolmates and their wives, and my cousin, Carl Meier, from Costa Rica, and spent several wonderful and pleasant evenings. Even at my birthday celebration, uncle Geisler came, and the beginning of it was celebrated right in that Rathskeller. August Knorr, Heinrich Schliemann and Mrs. Theede and daughter all of Chicago, were present. The celebration of the evening before continued till 4 o'clock the next morning and started

in again at midday. In the afternoon we went to the Tivoli, whose owner was Mr. Rohwer, and whose wife, also my age, had gone to school with me. Mr. Rohwer made me a present of a badge which I still have on my watch chain.

In 1866 I saw the Austrians take leave. The officers embraced each other, but at the railway station I heard them say: "Maybe next week we will be shooting at each other,"—which really was the case. In 1867 the Lochstedter Lager (camp) was built between Kellinghusen and Itzehoe. In August the soldiers had a great time playing at war, and on the 18th, at the birthday of Emperor Franz Joseph of Austria a great celebration of the 26,000 Prussian soldiers with their bands, took place. In the evening there was a "Zapfenstreich" (an evening marching parade). It really was a great concert and was the only time in my life that I saw so many military musicians together at one time. I was 14 years old and had camped with them in their tents for three days and three nights, which to me was something entirely new and very interesting. At this time we had no idea that in the following year we would be in Chicago; that my parents would have to leave home and field there, as they could not sell it.

After my parents left Chicago and I was boarding with Mrs. Rath, I got acquainted with several of my young countrymen. At the corner of Second and Rucker streets, now Huron and Racine, there was a Methodist jumper church. Now when the worshipers there were at their so-called religious service and became excited, they cried: "We have Him, the Holy Ghost" and then we boys let one or two white pigeons fly into the window—for does it not say in the Bible that the Holy Ghost appeared in the form of a white pigeon?

On New Year's night the boys got me out of bed to help celebrate Sylvester with them, and my landlady gave me \$1.00, of which I brought back 75 cents the following afternoon. We

stayed at a saloon the whole night and until 3 o'clock the next afternoon, when a woman, who came from Meldorf, took us home. The saloon had the name of "Jungs Holt Fast" (Boys Hold On) and the proprietor's name was Hans Runge from Sarlhusen, Holstein.

At the beginning of the war between Germany and France in 1870, the members of the Turner societies were very much molested by the Scandinavians and Irishmen, because the propagandists had told them that this war against France was a religious war. But the sentiment took a rapid change after Napoleon with 80,000 men had been captured at Sedan. The news arrived about noontime and a great crowd of people assembled on La Salle and Randolph streets near the Metropolitan Hall. When my employer, Julius Schuldt and I arrived there a temporary platform had been erected before a window on Randolph street, from which speeches were made.

All the streets around there were so crowded that the street cars had to turn back on Wells street. Mr. Eduard Juessen told the assembled people that "On our inquiry whether the report about the capture of Napoleon was based on truth, the answer confirming same has just arrived." The ovation that broke out cannot be described. All German folk-songs were sung and all Scandinavians and Irish who were met received a good thrashing.

For the benefit of the wounded many picnics and concerts had been held, whereby here in Chicago alone over \$120,000.00 had been collected and sent to Germany. I took part in all these affairs and as I did not have much money and so could not give much, I served as waiter or in some other ways.

During that time, the two sons of Mrs. Rath and I had been invited to a party on the North side, but the landlady there sent us home right after midnight. It was on a Saturday evening and on our way home we passed the Deutsches Haus (German House), a three-story brick building at the corner

of Wells and Indiana streets. There was music in the hall and we walked upstairs. What did we find? A French ball arranged for the benefit of their wounded soldiers. Entrance fee \$1.00. The two Rath boys intended to go home, for they really were somewhat afraid, but with the little French that I had learned—it was nearly 1 o'clock—I offered 50 cents for entrance fee, which was accepted and we entered. There we found a countryman of ours married to a French woman. We danced there with the French ladies till 6 in the morning and we surely had plenty of good wine which was offered us when we escorted our partners back to their seats.

Not long after that several peace celebrations took place here in Chicago. The first one was held in Crosby's Opera House, corner of State and Washington streets, where only music, songs and speeches were had. And at 11 o'clock in the evening immediately following this program an ardent discussion concerning the peace celebration arose and a decision was reached to stage another more appropriate celebration right on the street. A big parade was decided upon, one that should outdo anything ever shown in the city.

The parade was composed of eight sections. Everything and everybody took part in it, every business and every trade were represented. The bricklayers, for instance, built a float that for many years thereafter was a show piece in Lincoln Park. The bakeries baked bread, rolls, and cakes, which were distributed among the people. The butchers made sausages. It was wonderful.

The Turner societies were in the fifth section, and whenever they found anyone who would not celebrate with them, he was convinced in a friendly manner that it was best for him also to celebrate. So when the workmen in a window and door factory on Fulton and Desplaines streets saw the Turners coming, they jumped out of the windows of the first floor. No one was hurt, for the windows were not very high.

The Turners marched to the Haymarket, where the Turner section was organized. All four Turner societies met there and the whole parade got started. Milwaukee avenue at that time did not come down further than Desplaines street. The parade marched south in Desplaines street to Harrison, then to Halsted street, south to 12th street and along 12th street to Clark street. Here the Turners had to fight their way through—every foot of it. I was over 6 feet tall and right lineman. With every step I had to use my fist in defense or attack. Then on Clark street we marched north to Washington street and east to State street, then north on State street to Indiana street (now Grand avenue) and then west to Wells street. On Wells street we marched north to the place of celebration, Wright's Grove Park, at Diversey and Clark street.

As the Turners arrived there, it began to rain, keeping up for at least half an hour, and we had no place to go where we could protect ourselves. We all were dressed in white linen suits and were soon wet to the skin. But that did not dampen our excitement and pleasure. The rest of the parade arrived also soaking wet—musicians and all. When it began to rain, the last ones were at the Tremont House, corner Lake and Dearborn streets, but arrived playing and singing.

On Clark street we were attacked from the roof of a Jewish butcher's shop. We stormed the house and applied a good beating to two men upstairs and to a third one in the yard. In the house we had to break open the door to the kitchen in order to get to our attackers. The owner, Mr. Levy, tried to have us arrested, but our leader, Fritz Markus, explained to the policemen that Mr. Levy could have prevented the brawl and that he was not sure that his Turners would voluntarily go along with the policemen. The latter saw the truth of this and let us march on.

At the place of celebration, several companies of militia were present, who had been organized by Col. Ostermann after

the Civil War. At the corner of Clark street and Belmont avenue, there was a small pleasure grove, bordering the larger one. Here an Irish society had a picnic and many of the participants sat on the fence and used objectionable language. Col. Ostermann called his company to attention, ordered it to march up to the fence and get ready for firing. The guns had been loaded with blank cartridges. He gave the order to fire, and when the guns went off, a number of these fellows fell off the fence, crying that they had been wounded. Of course, that was not the case, but the fright they experienced served a good purpose and we were not molested further.

In the foregoing I have given a general outline of my boyhood life. My parents, as already told, went south, to Vaiden, Miss., in 1869, inveigled there by false promises, and they and my sisters and brothers were kept in almost slavery. The children could not go to school, but all had to work hard. My parents then wrote me that I should send them \$90.00 which they needed to escape that slavery. I had just paid my debts made during the winter and earned but \$1.75 per day, when I had work, which was not always the case. My boss did not have any money, but my landlady's son trusted me with the money. It took me two years to repay it, but my parents came back. We were poor, but happy together again. They had to escape from Vaiden during the night.

We had just fixed up our home when the great Chicago Fire broke out. Happily we did not live in the district where the fire did all the damage. The first fire broke out on Saturday evening, October 8th, and during that night four whole blocks were destroyed, but the firemen got control of it after a hard fight. I was up with friends the whole night till five in the morning before I went home. On the way home I met people who during the night had been to a ball in the Aurora Turn-Hall. Husband and wife who had a boarding house on Canal street, south of Adams street, with the servant girls

and the boarders had gone to that ball, and on coming home they found everything in ruins.

But the next evening the worst was to start. At 9:30 the fire bells began to ring. It was burning on the southwest side. About a half mile south, a man from Neumuenster, Koester by name, had a small store. We ran up in that direction and found our countryman half the distance from his place to us. He brought things there for safekeeping. We went back with him and carried out what we could, but when we returned the second time, the house was already on fire. The wind had developed into a gale, the flames waved high into the air and the burning cinders fell like rain.

I thought that the firemen would be able to get control of the fire somewhere a little to the north and went home with my father to sleep as I had not had any sleep the night before. At 4:30 in the morning my mother woke me, urging me to run to the north side, where my father's uncle was living some two miles north from where the fire had started. When I wanted to wash myself, I found there was no water; the waterworks were already burning. The fire spread very rapidly, because the waterworks, where the pumps were, as well as most of the houses had roofs of wooden shingles, which easily caught fire. My uncle and aunt lived in the direction of the fire, and when I came there, their house was gone. I helped the people wherever I could and pretty nearly perished before I got to the Deutsches Haus (German House) which also was in flames. I then hurried home.

My mother sent me to get water at the Northwestern Railroad Station which had brought water into the city for distribution. From there we secured a little water for cooking and washing purposes daily for several weeks. When mother was making coffee for breakfast, uncle, who was a newspaper carrier, arrived with a little wagon full of household goods. To my mother's question where aunt was, he said

that she with three small children were on the north side near Washington Park. My boss, Julius Schuldt, then hitched his horse to the wagon and we went to get aunt. We could not cross the bridge on Chicago avenue any more, so came in from the north on Clark street, which was not yet burning; then I saw the old Turn-Hall afire. When we turned in Walton Place, aunt and the children were sitting on a pile of goods covered with a mattress which, without their knowledge, was burning. I jumped off the wagon, snatched the smoking mattress away and extinguished the burning parts of my aunt's clothing. Mr. Schuldt had turned the wagon around; I lifted aunt and the children on it, also her possessions. I wanted to get on the wagon too, but the horse jumped ahead and I fell flat on the street and did not get away with them, for when I had raised myself, the wagon was racing around the corner.

I then went to the corner, where another loaded wagon was passing, also in a hurry. A chest fell from the wagon, but the driver did not stop because he could not check the horses. In falling the chest broke open. It was full of hats and I took one of them as my old hat was partly burned. While I was thus hunting in the box, a woman came along, took me by the knees and begged me to save her. On Dearborn street one could not get through in a northerly direction, nor on La-Salle street, but on Clark street the road to the north was still passable. The woman had a little child with her, also a sewing machine and a bundle of clothing.

We had not gone very far, when we nearly got encircled by the flames, but we succeeded in passing through, while I was carrying the bundle. We both ran as quickly as we could, although we were carrying the sewing machine between us and the woman was leading or carrying the child as best she could. Thus we succeeded in getting through for about half a mile in a northerly direction, where the woman had friends.

The fire got up to that place also, but only some single houses burned down.

When we arrived there, the woman knelt down and prayed to Saint Mary for my further welfare, also gave me \$2.00, which I took as I did not have another penny with me, and I wished to be of assistance where it was needed.

On my way home I found a large milk can, full of dirt, which I poured out, and a sofa (lounge) also full of dirt in a ditch. When I came home with it, my mother asked me, "what do you want to do with that?" She left the lounge standing outside, but the milk can came in very handy as we had to get water for the horse also. Then later on, when the water-works were temporarily running, my mother looked at the lounge. The police did not want it, although everything that had been saved had to be delivered. She cleaned the lounge and later it became very useful as I became ill with typhoid fever and two physicians had given up hope for me. Fourteen weeks and even longer I lay on the lounge during that winter. It was fourteen weeks before I could make any effort to walk again. However, I got better, although after that, twice a year for quite a long time, I had an attack of rheumatism. I regained my health, but never was as strong as I had been.

I never heard of the woman whom I had assisted during the fire until I told the story of that incident in detail as I remembered it in later years. Namely, 39 years later—I then was agent for the Manhattan Brewing Company for quite some time—I called at a saloon on Clark street, north of the Sherman House, where I made my collections monthly. The name of the saloonkeeper was Mr. Trebes. It was just at the anniversary of the Great Fire and three young men were standing at the bar talking about that catastrophe. They told all kinds of stories about things that should have happened then, especially about thieves and robbers that had been caught,

hung and shot. I joined them and told them that nobody had been shot, that nobody had been strung up to a lamppost, and that all the thieves caught had received a good thrashing, nothing else. At the Chicago avenue bridge, which had caught fire and had been turned open so as to permit the fire to be extinguished, quite a number of people, maybe about a hundred, had been caught there and could not get across. Then when the heat got too great, many of them had crawled into great water pipes, thinking that they would be protected there, but all of them perished miserably and from the remains nobody could be identified. That was all that had happened and very few people had lost their lives.

The boys then insisted that I should tell them some of my experiences. I told them all that I could remember at the time and the story about the woman and her child, and where I had left them. While I related my story, I saw that the wife of the saloonkeeper became quite excited, and walked up and down behind the bar. She asked me then what the woman had done after I had brought her to the place of safety, and when I told her, she cried out, "that was my mother." My first question then was, if she still were living, but she said that her mother had died some time ago and that the girl had been her sister, who also was sleeping the eternal sleep. She told me that her mother had often related the story of her having been saved and many times uttered the wish that she could once more see the young German who had saved her. I do not have to add that that noon and many times thereafter I feasted at the home of Mrs. Trebes in a princely manner.

One episode I have forgotten to mention. One day, we had the horse and buggy of my employer, and when we came from bathing in the lake where Streeterville now stands, a number of residents of Indiana street who had an Italian with a grind-organ with them, stopped us and we had to go with them to Fritz Mack's place at Rush and Kinzie; he had just returned

from a trip to Milwaukee so a reception was tendered him. He had a musical instrument in his home, but it did not work. So when we got there and greeted him, we demanded that he play something for us. But when the instrument gave forth only a few pitiful grunts, one of us said that as he had no music in the house we had brought some along. Our Italian began to grind his organ and could not be brought to stop. He had his instructions. The saloonkeeper became desperate as his place was overcrowded, mostly by Irish women. He asked us to be reasonable and take our music away with us. So after he had treated us in proper manner we went away.

A Mr. Clettenberg rode on horseback, the rest rode with the musician in the wagon and we drove up and down Indiana street and visited a few more saloons, which were only too glad to get rid of us.

Another day we visited Mr. Markmann at his place when he was celebrating his birthday. The callers were all business men excepting myself, I being the only workman in the crowd, but I had to be there as a good friend of my employer. During the afternoon Mr. Markmann also had the pleasure of having an Italian with an organ placed before the entrance to his saloon. The rest of the crowd was inside. Mr. Markmann, to whom the musician became obnoxious, treated him off and on, sometimes giving him 25 and even 50 cents, but the organ grinder only laughed, thanked the donor for his present, but remained steadfastly at his place although Mr. Markmann begged him to leave. He had his orders. Then Mr. Markmann called the police, but they were informed of the circumstances before they reached the place and did not interfere. Finally the organist was called in and Mr. Markmann had to treat him and the whole crowd—and the musician remained till midnight. An Irish woman danced the cancan and other wild dances.

Another time I was working in Gerstaedter's saloon at the corner of Webster and Clybourne avenues. There on the North-

west Side lived an old citizen, Jacob Dieden, a real original character. He had a Mexican pony and with this he travelled around. The pony could drink just as much beer as his master. They drank something like 12 glasses of beer per day. So one day Mr. Dieden came with his pony into the saloon and ordered 2 glasses of beer, one for himself and one for me as he knew me. Gerstaedter wanted to drive him away, but I advised him not to do so, whereupon I was treated to several more glasses of beer.

A few days later, Dieden came again and told us that he had sold his pony to a butcher living in the neighborhood. He treated all most liberally and received \$60.00 from the buyer on delivery of the pony. Dieden had come in a small buggy and I helped him to unhitch the pony. The butcher wanted to drive away, but notwithstanding his repeated urging "Get Up, Get Up," the pony went backward and finally broke the shaft of the wagon. The butcher hollered that he had been swindled, while Dieden claimed that the butcher did not know how to drive. Finally he bought his pony back for \$50.00, again treated all most liberally and asked me to help him hitch the pony to his own buggy. He already had a little too much and so I helped him to get back on his seat and put the lines in his hands. "Back Up, Back Up," he cried and on went the pony. He had been taught so that he went backward on the call of Get Up and forward on Back Up.

Dieden also was a member of the Aurora Turn-Verein and was always ready for some trick or mischief. So on an Easter Sunday morning he came to the Turn-Hall, where some 20 young Turners were assembled, who had plenty of thirst, but very little money. Dieden invited us to go with him to one of his houses where the saloonkeeper celebrated "Great Opening" with a delicate lunch. As soon as we arrived there, Dieden treated us all. The landlady and the cook were called from the kitchen and they had to drink with us. At the third

round of treating, he said: "I thought you had prepared such a good lunch?" The women ran into the kitchen, but returned at once all excited, because all the lunch had disappeared. Then Mr. Dieden said: "If you have no lunch, we will return to the Turn-Hall, from where we came." When we arrived there, we found the lunch all there and Mr. Dieden treated us with a barrel of beer and we all had a fine time.

I could tell a great many more things about him. For instance, he had two tame deers, which he hitched to a sleigh and in the middle of summer drove with them through town.

All the young Schleswig-Holstein people in our crowd were very jolly and up to some mischief all the time. We very often met with some family or another, at Shoemaker Luchs, the Menzels, or some other family and had a good time. I got a barrel of beer cheap in the Turn-Hall and the lady of the house, where we were at the time, had to furnish the necessary eats. Of all of them I am the only one surviving.

Times became worse and worse and in the middle of the summer of 1874 I was unable to find much work. In July of that year we had another big fire on the South Side. It began a little ways north of 12th street, and spread to the north, but only up to Jackson street. There several houses were blown up. I helped the firemen to carry powder sacks into the houses. Through the explosion the spread of the fire was checked.

In September, 1874, the city enlarged its police force and on recommendation of several friends I applied for a position and was accepted on September 14th. On the evening of September 15th I started as policeman at the old Madison Street Station at the corner of Union street under command of Capt. Ellis.

I saw and learned a great deal there, also learning to write English, which so far I had been unable to do. There were several Irish policemen who were not able to write at all. I learned

it by copying the reports and I had my English dictionary with me which my old Rector Hussmann had given me on our departure from Neumuenster. Thus I acquired the art of writing English and after about a year I was able to make a rather passable report so that I was in a position to help out my good Irish colleagues.

Then I was transferred to the Cottage Grove Avenue Station, which I did not like very well, because everything was too quiet there. At my request I was transferred to the 12th Street Station (Corner Johnson street) where in the first month I got the opportunity to show my ability. Some of our Schleswig-Holsteiners and my brother and I had been invited to a party at the home of a mutual friend one Saturday evening. About 5 o'clock the next morning on our way to take the girls home, I saw a young man on the other side of Halsted street, dragging a heavy bag, and on examination, I found the bag to be full of new shoes and boots. I took the fellow to the station, the whole crowd accompanying me, where the commanding officer, O'Donnell, still up and awake, asked me where I had been. He then invited the whole crowd into the station and showed the girls all over the place, and sent me home to sleep.

The next day, another countryman of ours, Mr. Penshorn, who conducted a grocery and saloon at the corner of Halsted and 18th streets, celebrated his birthday. I helped to celebrate in the afternoon when some acquaintances came in and said that they already had heard of my capturing the thief, and added that the associates of the fellow had gone out to fish in Mud Lake, a large pond near Archer avenue. As these boys were all between 16 and 20 years of age, I asked Mr. Penshorn to let me have a civil coat and his horse and wagon. The other two young men also went along and we caught the four boys and brought them to the station and as it happened, Simon O'Donnell was there also.

The affair helped me a great deal in the eyes of my sergeant. I became known as a good thief-catcher, also that I chased away the corner loafers. That was in December, 1875.

A short time before, on September 23rd, my father had suddenly passed away, his death being caused by a rupture, and we buried him in Waldheim Cemetery, where at that time we paid \$15.00 for a burial lot. Four years later when my brother Johannes, after a short illness, passed away, we bought another lot next to the first one where my father was resting and had to pay \$35.00 for it. What is the price for these lots now?

When I was stationed on 12th street, I heard of a wild joke that had been committed by a jokester. Namely in the great church, built in 1869, the baptismal font had been emptied and filled with ink and it took quite some time before it was discovered. The jokester, however, was never discovered.

During my service there I got acquainted with quite a number of well-known business men. Among them was Mr. Phillipp Maas, with whom I became well acquainted. We met in Lessing Lodge No. 551, A. F. & A. M., into which I was introduced by Mr. Heinemann. There I also got acquainted with Mr. M. Keil, who had a jewelry store and was a watch-maker besides. There were many men to whom a close friendship bound me in later years.

To come back to my activity as a policeman, I one day caught a young degenerated fellow of noble birth, whose father was a good friend of Father Damen of the Jesuit Church and whose name he had forged on several checks. That not only pleased Simon O'Donnell but also Father Damen.

The district in which I worked had a very bad name and many a night a shot came so closely behind our backs that one could hear the bullets whiz by, but the stalking criminal was invisible. Once I arrested an election falsifier who had voted in several places but had not recognized me as a policeman.

The first winter I was on duty at the Madison Street Police Station was a real hard one and most of the time we had zero weather. The poor fellows who had no money to pay for a night's lodging sought shelter in hay stacks, in stables, among rags and other such places, from where we brought them in. One night some people called me to an old frame building on Lake street, where a man lay nearly frozen to death in the front hall. He had one arm only and died the next morning.

One night, the watchman of a factory informed me that some bums had taken shelter in a heap of refuse. We brought them in from there. During another night we searched an old stable, which was full of straw and hay for horses. I climbed upstairs and fell through a hole on two fellows who had hidden themselves in the hay. But we took out four more, six all told, and all would have been frozen more or less if we had left them there. These stables were all in my district or on my "beat," as it was called.

During my stay at the 12th Street Station I had quite a number of adventures. In the summer of 1876 about 2 o'clock in the morning we met a man who told us his wife had run away from his home and now could be found in a room at the corner of 14th and Halsted streets with some man. We went there and he showed us the room, which was locked. As the people in that room seemed to be sound asleep, I climbed up the air shaft and got into the room. After I had lighted a light, I woke up the man and woman and the man who had led us there declared the woman to be his wife. Both of them were locked up and the next morning Judge David Scully fined them both \$50.00 and costs, which meant 103 days for the woman as she had no money to pay the fine.

During the election the same fall I was included in the flying column so as to be quickly sent wherever it was necessary, for we had neither telephones nor patrol wagons at that

time. Thus we were called to 19th and Morgan streets. Most of the people living there were Bohemians. There was one policeman stationed there, Samonski by name, who spoke several languages, including Bohemian. He got among the people there and tried to keep them in order, but did not succeed and had to take refuge in a stable, while his colleague went to get assistance. When we got there the sidewalks and street were crowded with people. We cleared the sidewalks and threw the people into the gutters along the street, which were full of water. At that time these streets were not yet paved. They allowed us to do this, for they wanted to get rid of Samonski. I was left there. The ones who had taken an involuntary bath went to their homes to get on dry clothing, and what they told me in Bohemian, I could not understand, but order reigned. I really had very little to do to keep order and everything seemed to be fine and everybody happy until the next morning when the counting of the votes had been finished. Then some men and also a policeman came in to correct the count, but one of the judges did not want to allow it, neither did I. The next day I reported the policeman, but I never heard anything further about the case, although even Simon O'Donnell strongly condemned the practice. There I also got acquainted with the better class of Bohemian people and in consequence I was always requested to attend their social functions, such as balls and concerts, to act as guard there.

During the spring of 1877 in the northerly part of the district we were very often shot at when on patrol duty, especially when Simon O'Donnell was along. That most frequently happened in the neighborhood of Taylor and Polk streets. On one occasion, O'Donnell asked me: "August, for whom were these bullets intended, you or me?" I answered, "Most likely for both of us." I had much to do there with men who beat their wives. Once Judge Scully told me: "If that fellow licks

his wife once more and you have not given him a good lesson before you bring him to the station, I shall punish you instead!" That was good advice at least in this case. I hammered the fellow unmercifully that time because he had an ax with which he was waiting for me. His wife and children were outside in the cold, but I had no fear of him.

During May and June, 1876, the workmen in the lumber yards became rebellious and they were perfectly justified, for they earned but 75 to 90 cents per day. Two policemen had to guard a district for these two months, namely, southward from 16th and Center street, which is looked after now by an entire police station. So one evening we were at 16th and Halsted streets, when we heard a terrible hollering for help, murder and the like. We rushed on in the direction from which the cries came and on 22nd street, near Canalport, we found a woman with her 5 children on the street, while her husband, thoroughly soused, was in the house and threatened to kill anybody, who tried to come near him. I rushed upstairs, while my comrade called to me to watch out for myself—but I answered him to look where the ax would fly to. The fellow lifted his arm to brain me with his ax, but I bent down while I rushed at him, and the handle struck me on the shoulder, while the ax flew from the handle. Again it was an Irishman. I took him by the collar and he lifted his hands over his head. But I gave him a few hard blows on his shins. He hollered and when we had him on the street, both of us played our billies on his shinbones. He danced all possible jigs and supplicated Mother Maria to help him. Finally, after we thought that he had enough of a lesson, I told him that under the following conditions we would have pity on him, namely, that first: he must turn over all his money—he still had a few dollars—to his wife, then we would call every evening at 8 o'clock and his wife had to report to us whether he had been sober and good. Then on Saturday evening he

must give me all his wages, which we would turn over to his wife. He was satisfied with the agreement and he kept it, too, during the two months that we were there. Thus we acted as police and justice at the same time.

The neighborhood of Halsted and 16th streets was in bad repute, but an Irishman, by the name of Touhy, and I chased away the Irish loafers. These fellows were so impertinent that they told me I had no right on the other side of the street. Now, we both showed our right to them by at once arresting four of them and when they did not wish to go along peaceably, we knocked their heads together until they were ready to go with us. The following morning they were fined \$5.00 and costs—and the result was that the corner became free of these loafers. They retired to the prairie west of Halsted street, where so far very few buildings had been erected. But we did not let them have any rest there either. I was a good runner and caught one or two at a time, who were fined, mostly with a money fine. But as they had no money, it meant 13 days in the workhouse for them.

One evening during the last year of my stay at the 12th Street Station I had a fight with a saloonkeeper, against whom a neighbor had gotten out a warrant for his arrest. When I read the warrant to him, he took a butcher knife and tried to knock me down with it. As I jumped aside and drew my revolver, he ran out of a back door into the alley, where I caught up with him and put on the chain. The fellow was very strong and with one jerk he broke the steel chain. However, I forced him to march in front of me to the station. The fine for the lawless act for which his neighbor had taken out a warrant amounted to \$5.00 and costs, but for his resistance against me he had to pay \$15.00 extra.

Three policemen, Touhy, Cummings and myself, all of us over six feet tall, received a special assignment one evening. Every Sunday night a number of people came over from

Bridgeport and held a dance in the basement at the corner of Canalport avenue and Jefferson street, and when they went home in the morning, committed all kinds of mischief, in general, broke windows, etc. Our order was not to arrest them, but to treat them so that they would prefer not to come back for further treatment. So one morning about 5 o'clock, when the dance broke up, we took our places at the entrances, that is, Cummings and I in front, Touhy at the rear door. Now, when one or several men came out, we let our billies play around their shinbones, which causes severe pain, and when they ran to the rear door, Touhy treated them likewise. Finally we had the hall empty and pursued the band to the Halsted Street Bridge, where we hit them around the shoulders with our billies, which is not very pleasant and can be felt for several weeks. They yelled so that it could be heard in Bridgeport, but they never returned to have a dance at Canalport avenue and Jefferson street.

Shortly after, my friend Simon O'Donnell, was promoted to Captain at the Harrison Street Station and he took six of his own men including me along with him. After I got there, my wish was that I might serve in the main part of the city so as to be in closer contact with many of my friends and other important citizens. In fact, there I really lived the happiest part of my life. Many a thief I caught, sometimes in the act. One evening a street robber held up a man and took his watch away from him. I heard the cries for help and caught the fellow not ten feet away from his victim. He had two revolvers in his possession, one of which I snatched away from him, but had to fight very hard for the other one. I pummelled him severely in such a manner that a cab driver tried to interfere. After I had the second revolver in my hands, I hit the cab driver so hard in the face—he should have helped me instead of siding with the holdupman—that he spit out four of his front teeth. I had broken his upper jaw

with one blow. I let him go so that he could hunt up a physician. An intelligent jury four months later exonerated the man of all blame of an intended holdup—and we all were surprised—judge, state's attorney—and the bandit himself.

About five or six years ago I met the attorney who had defended the man. He came from the Stockyard's district as did the fellow also. He asked me if I still remembered the case, and on my affirmation that I did told me further that the young man had reformed and had not tried a further life of crime, but had worked in the Stockyards, got married and raised a family. That was about 40 years after the incident. The attorney said, it was not the four months in the prison cell that cured him, he had been there before, but the drubbing he got from me and which he had well deserved in the fight for the possession of the second revolver had taught him a lesson. I told the attorney, who repeated the story to me several times, that if he should see the man again he should tell him that under the conditions I was well satisfied, but that the verdict of the jury that gave him his freedom at the time had been a travesty on justice.

While serving at that Station I became acquainted with the Pomy family on a boat excursion. We were the only ones who could sing in German and dance the German dances. This was where I first danced with Mrs. Pomy, the waltz, gallop and schottische and all the rest of our good German dances. That day was an important one in my life. Mr. Pomy had a saloon at the corner of Lake and Wells street. One day he received a load of good California wine, but the barrels were so big that he could not get them into his basement. When I saw the predicament, I took off my coat and brought them downstairs. Mr. Pomy was surprised at my strength and our friendship, especially as I was a member of Lessing Lodge, was confirmed.

The district where I did patrol duty had a great number

of lodge halls. One Saturday evening at the corner of Randolph and Dearborn streets I saw a number of ladies and two men. The ladies were being molested by the men who on that evening had gone out for some fun. I hurried across the street and chased the men away. Two weeks later I saw a similar group of ladies and men at that corner, with exception that the ladies were being assaulted by two fellows, who wanted to drag them along. I hurried across the street and took one of them by the collar, gave him a few nice blows on his head, and threw him bleeding into the middle of the street. The second one continued to hold one of the ladies, so I treated him even worse than the first one and he landed in a mass, in the middle of the street. Some of the women cried: "Oh, how cruel!", but the other men folks present said that they had received just what was coming to them. I then asked the people what society they belonged to and they answered "The Order of the Eastern Star". At that time I did not know that it was a branch of the Order of Free Masonry, but the men explained it to me and with hand grips we acknowledged the society. Four weeks after that my sister and I also joined that order. Naturally after that the people were not molested by affairs of that kind and especially by young men who went out on Saturday evenings for such adventures. However, I believe I was somewhat different from other policemen as I did not treat such fellows very leniently.

At that time, business was very bad. In fact, the times were hard and the hotels especially felt it badly. Generally on Saturday evenings some business men from State street rented a room in some hotel where they played poker. We had raided the regular gambling houses, also the Chinese who carried on the gambling business. So early one Sunday morning a man who had a store on State street came to me and demanded that I should raid a gambling hell, as he called it, where he had lost all the money he had with him, also his

gold watch and chain. I demanded to know the particulars about it and found thereby that the owner of the hotel had nothing to do with the affair. I told the man that he must take out a warrant before I could do anything. He then began to threaten me, whereupon I sent him whirling into the fresh air. We were in the lobby of the hotel and the next morning I told the proprietor, Wilcox by name, what I had done and I told the story also to my Captain, who approved my action; however, I did not tell this to the proprietor, but advised him to tell the friends of that fellow to return his gold watch and chain, but not the money. I would do the rest if he should show up again. Judge Summerfield refused him a warrant because the hotel was no regular gambling house and only a few friends met there to enjoy a social game. A few weeks later the same fellow showed up and wanted to join his friends. The employees refused him admittance and held him until I came and not very gently I conveyed him into the street and the fresh winter air.

The headquarters of the musicians was at the corner of Randolph and Clark streets in the basement of a saloon, which was conducted by an old musician by the name of Sehnert. One evening in the early spring, quite a number of the leaders of the St. Michael's Catholic Church were there, talking about the misfortune that had befallen the church and Christendom by the death of the Pope at that time and who might be the next Pope. One of the faithful asked Mr. Sehnert whom he thought might be, and he, trying to cut in with a joke, said: "Now, who else than his son!" That answer caused an uproar among those present, so that they drove Mr. Sehnert out of his own place. He ran into the street and met me and told me his story. His place was not on my beat, but on that of a colleague who was even taller than I, namely 6 feet 3½ inches. His name was Thomas Noonan, and he had served in the United States Army and was one of the soldiers who had taken vengeance on the Indians for

the death of General Custer, and when his enlistment ran out, he had accepted a place on the Chicago police force. I told the story to him and he, knowing Mr. Sehnert very well, laughed and said that he would see what we could do. Right opposite me was Policeman Donohue, who had served in the Papal Guard for two years and who was nicknamed by us "Florie the Pope." It took us more than an hour to quiet down the people and we had taken more than a dozen glasses of beer with them, when Donohue, who had seen us go down with Mr. Sehnert about an hour before, came down the stairs to see what was the matter and whether we were still in the place. He could see us from upstairs, but when he came down, I said, "Now, the Pope himself is coming." Again pandemonium broke loose and it took us more than an hour and a half before order was restored and we could go, leaving Mr. Sehnert in his place. We three usually did not belong to those who made or accepted much nonsense, but words were more appropriate than the fist or the billie against such foolishness.

Long John Wentworth, at one time mayor of the City of Chicago, was living at the Sherman House at that time with his unmarried daughter, who was as tall as I was. Long John, as he was called in short, was taller than Noonan. When he got thirsty, he hunted up one of us three, took us to the bar-room of the Sherman House and we had to take one or two drinks of whiskey with him. More he did not permit. That was the celebrated Long John, who at his time governed the city with an iron fist and he told us that if at that time one of his policemen drank too much, he was discharged without ado. To us he said we were the right men as we tried to keep order and did not drink too much. As it seems he had observed us for some time before he allowed us to make his acquaintance.

Many things happened during that time. For instance, the city had no money to have the streets cleaned and the people who had stores on the different streets had to see to the cleaning

themselves. One evening I met one of the contractors who was doing the cleaning for these business men. He was rather liberal and told me confidentially that as soon as he had received his money he would skip out. He thought I was his friend, but he was mistaken. Next day I told the story to Mr. Wilcox, who had engaged him and who would have had to meet the greatest part of the loss as the workmen would have to be paid. The consequence was that the workmen received their money, for which they thanked me; the contractor himself received very little, and I told him I would arrest him if he showed up again. Of course Mr. Wilcox and the other business men thanked me for my interference.

One night I saw a man coming out of a store on State street, and if he had not shown a bad conscience, I would not have thought anything about it, but as he ran away when he saw me, I ran after him, firing my revolver, and as I was too far away from him, I hit him in the calf of the leg. The bullet bored through and rested in the knee cap, so that he could not run any further, and he begged for mercy. As it was after midnight with no wagon or carriage near, one of the firemen of the fire-house near there helped me to carry the thief to the station.

About spring time, another man from the station and I were transferred to the levee district where all the genteel and fair damsels offered their wares for sale. That district had, so far, been terribly neglected by the married policemen stationed there. Our dear Captain O'Donnell gave us a great curtain lecture and finished with the words: Now he would send two unmarried policemen into that district. One of them was me and the other a Pennsylvania Dutchman by the name of Race, who a few months later was killed by a thief in front of a pawnbroker's place. The Captain gave me his instructions in minute detail and admonished me for two hours, during which he walked with me and showed me everything, and asked more than a dozen times that I would promise him to remain honest and straight

and not accept any presents of money. Today I can understand this much better than at that time, and I have kept my promise. On one occasion \$200.00 was offered me, but I did not take it, and I always told my Captain of any offers that had been made me. Hardly had he left me, when one of the damsels—I will call her thus—who was the owner of one of the sporting houses, offered to make me a present of 200 cigars. I did not take them and when she became disagreeable on account of my refusal, I arrested her. The offer of the cigars cost her \$5.00 and costs in court the next morning.

The so-called moral Daily News printed some remarks next day about the moral policeman, August Lueders. Such a thing had not occurred before. A few months later I nearly killed one of their reporters. He had made some remarks about my mother, for which I felled him with a blow of my fist and belabored him with my boots until he laid there like dead and I threw him over my shoulder and carried him to the station. However, he came back to life again, and next morning a really fine looking woman with a little child came to me and begged me fervently not to tell the judge what her rascal of a husband had said about my mother. I promised, but when we came before the judge and he saw the condition of the fellow he insisted on knowing the details. I told him that I had promised his wife not to repeat the facts to him, and he then fined the man \$2.00 and costs, but insisted that I tell him what had been said. I whispered it into his ear, whereupon the judge became so excited that he thought he should fine him \$50.00 and costs. However, he did not do so, but gave him a good lecture, one that he surely did not forget during his whole lifetime.

That was only the beginning of my experiences in that district. Towards morning one night during the spring, I walked in a northerly direction in Victoria alley, where the Elevated now is and there I saw a negro climbing out of a window of one

of the better sporting houses with two bundles of clothing. I surmised that the negro would walk to the south, which he did. I was standing behind a large telegraph pole and he stopped right beside me. I pointed my revolver at his face, took away his own weapon, and then he had to take up the two bundles and march with me to the station, while I held my revolver right behind his ear. That negro had taken all the silk and good dresses and skirts of the damsels and next morning they all appeared dressed up in calico, about which the Daily News at that time poked fun. The negro spent two years in the penitentiary as punishment.

One night not long after that, I had just brought a law breaker to the station, when I saw someone coming out of a house on 4th avenue, north of Harrison street. It was almost 3 A. M. When he saw me, he quickly walked northward. And when I followed him, I saw another man come out who withdrew quickly. I found him behind the door with two large bundles of clothing, which he said did not belong to him. Then when I aroused the people who lived in the house—I had chained the fellow to me and also taken his revolver—it was found that the clothes did not belong to him, but to the people living upstairs. He did not want to name his companion. He also got two years in the penitentiary.

A saloonkeeper in that neighborhood wanted to start a fight with me one Sunday morning. He soon found himself lodged in the station and next morning he begged me to forgive him. I did not make it as bad before the judge as it had been and he came off with a fine of \$5.00 and costs. His name was Whelan; he later became alderman of the ward and one of my best friends.

I got along well with the girls, not in the manner in which they wished but according to police regulations and my own rules. And I did not permit them to keep a male protector, either. I always persecuted these rascals and pummeled them

severely whenever I could catch them, and then sent them to the workhouse that they might learn a trade, or work in some way. I told the girls if they did take these men back, I would arrest both and send each to the workhouse. And when the girls found I was in earnest about it they were thankful and betrayed the rascals who had lorded it over them, and who usually had some dirt to hide, resulting in my catching more thieves than any of the so-called detectives.

In my district very few crimes were committed except on Saturday evenings. Then it sometimes became a real carnival. On one such evening, I had come from the Station when I heard a tumult at the corner of Harrison and State streets. A fellow came running around the corner whom I caught. Then a woman came running right after him, crying that he had stolen her purse. I chained and searched him, but found nothing. When we wanted to go to the station, again turmoil and another fellow came running around the corner. I grabbed him. The same story, but he still had the purse in his possession, which I had one of the bystanders put into my pocket. When this fellow saw that I had the other one chained to me, he wanted to break away. But I took him by the neck and rubbed his face on the wall of the nearest house so that he cried out loud and was then willing to go along peacefully. On Monday morning the judge asked me how it came about that the fellow had such a damaged face. When I told him how it had happened, he laughed and said to the thief that he had met the wrong policeman. During that night I brought in 16 prisoners, of which 9 were petty thievery cases. The theft was always small, but as far as I can remember, not a single man ever had brought in so many prisoners alone.

In 1877 we had a riot of considerable importance when the railroad men went on strike. It began in the East and the movement extended to us. Soldiers were sent here from the West and one time it became rather serious here in our district. Once

we dispersed something like 2000 strikers on South Water street and Michigan avenue. We were 24 regular and 6 special policemen and we had to wage our fight hand to hand. One of our lieutenants, Wiley, was struck by a stone and fell. We attacked in close rank and used our billies very well so that we were able to disperse the crowd, and in the evening my comrades noticed that my coat, vest, shirt and undershirt had been cut through, but I did not have a mark on my body. If somebody wants to talk of luck! A few days later we had another hot fight with these fellows at State and 17th streets. They had attacked the street cars and held up the conductors. There we arrested quite a few, many more than at Michigan avenue. Unfortunately, none of them could be identified as the attackers of the street car men, but all of them were fined \$50.00 and costs.

Then the Vorwaerts Turn-Hall was stormed for no reason at all by the notorious Captain Bonfield, and my Capt. Simon O'Donnell said: "We would not have stormed that hall."

At this time, at the Harrison Street Station, I was put in charge of a small flying column of 10 regulars and 6 special policemen and we were on the go continuously, especially through the doings of a reporter of the Daily News, who saw strikers and revolutionists everywhere; and once at the Van Buren street bridge, where a number of workmen were peacefully eating their lunch. We then told the reporter that if he called us out once more by a false alarm we would give him a good thrashing. About two months later he received his dues good and plenty. The fact was this: After everything else was over, every Saturday afternoon the Socialists held a meeting on Market street near Washington, where their newspaper was published. My partner Noonan and I were sent there to listen to the revolutionary speeches if any were delivered and report about them. I never heard any speeches of that kind there. One Saturday afternoon one of the Socialists, who was well known to us, came to me and asked me how it could be arranged

to give a good beating to a reporter who made a nuisance of himself. I introduced him to Noonan and told him who the man was. We then conceived the following plan: He was to invite us all to a saloon at Randolph and Market streets and treat us there; we would also take along the four detectives. Then when Noonan informed the policemen that one of my friends was going to treat us, all were satisfied, especially as it was 4 o'clock already and we had been at the station since 1:30, where we could not even get a glass of water. When my friend was ready, it did not take very long for all to march to a saloon at the northwest corner of Madison and Market streets, in a basement. While we were quaffing the third glass of beer, someone came running in and said that trouble was going on in the neighborhood. When we got there, just one person had received a good beating, and that was the reporter and he was not able to identify a single person who had hit him.

Nobody but Noonan and myself had any idea of the real facts. The next Monday noon we were called before Capt. O'Donnell and he asked us what had happened and why no report had been turned in. The Daily News had printed about a whole column, but not one of the other newspapers had mentioned it. Then Noonan said that after we had stayed around in the sun-heat for fully three hours, a friend of mine came and invited us to a treat and as we had been very thirsty, all had gone along. The Captain thought that some of us should not have gone, but Noonan and I said that the speech had been so tame and those present in the summer heat did not seem to be up to anything, so we thought nothing about accepting the invitation and probably the fellow had said too much again and had received a good licking from some of the people present. However, we had not been able to find anybody who had licked him. That he had received enough was evidenced by the condition of his face. Then O'Donnell asked me who my friend who had proven himself so liberal was, and when I told him—John Gloy—whom he also

knew and esteemed highly, he looked at us from head to foot, but said nothing. However he may have thought his share. And he surely did not begrudge the reporter his beating. But after that affair we always were sent to the meetings until the cold weather set in and the meetings ceased. The reporter never showed up again.

One day, when I was in court, which happened most every day, an Irish policeman had two young Germans before the judge, who said in German that they had done nothing. I felt sorry for them and asked the judge if he would allow me to act as their interpreter, which he did. It came out that they had just arrived at a railroad station, where an expressman started with them to their friends. Arriving near the place, the expressman asked \$5.00 for the trip and as they could not pay, he had them arrested by the Irish policeman. When the young Germans told me where their friends were living, it became evident that the expressman had no right to ask more than 50 cents a person, or \$1.00 for both. Now he received no money but a good calling down from the judge. The policeman then upbraided me and told me that I should not have mixed in that affair. However, Capt. O'Donnell, who stood behind me and which I did not know, told the policeman that if another such arrest was made he would report him, and that I should take hold of such affairs where I thought it justifiable.

At that time the regular immigrant trains arrived every Saturday night from the East at the Rock Island depot. The immigrants were not brought directly to the depot proper, but to a shed on Clark, south of Polk street, where the trains were emptied. From there quite a number of complaints about unjust charges were made and after the above mentioned affair I was sent there every Saturday night, when the immigrants arrived, to look after things and keep order.

I just wish to bring out how penurious the expressmen and cab drivers were, and on every such night I caught any of them,

I gave them a good licking and sent them away. I did not have a single immigrant get away before I had told him how much he would have to pay. After such a night, when I had punished quite a few of the cab drivers and expressmen, they came to the chief of police with the marks still on their faces and complained bitterly about me. The chief asked O'Donnell to investigate the matter. Of course, he did and I explained that these fellows undoubtedly would have liked me to have one of them arrested. That would have taken an hour and a half before I could have been back to the depot, during which time nobody would have interfered and they would be able to rob the immigrants right and left. He said that he would report this to the Chief of Police and about a week later he told me that the Chief had instructed him to tell me that I should continue to act as I had been doing. I went to that place until the railroads had built a house at the corner of Canal and Jackson, where the immigrants were brought so that advantage could not be taken of them by these robbers.

However, this kind of robber has not yet disappeared, for in 1880 it happened to me in Milwaukee, when such a fellow wanted to fleece me out of \$5.00 of which he was entitled to but \$2.00. He became unpleasant, and I did also, only much more and let my fist go. A policeman there came on the scene and he also tasted the hardness of my fist. Both were bleeding and the policeman wanted to arrest me, but when I identified myself as belonging to the Chicago police force, he calmed down and asked us, there were four of us, whether we were willing to pay the \$2.00. Of course we did and the two went into the railroad station and washed off the blood. Ten years after that I had the same experience in New Orleans. At that time the driver also demanded \$5.00 while he was entitled to but \$2.00. I applied a few blows to his head and a station policeman came up, to whom I declared that we were from Chicago and that we would not allow this advantage taken of us by such a fellow. That ended the controversy. The same thing happened to Count von Luckner when he

arrived here a short time ago. A taxi-driver demanded a much higher fare than he was entitled to. But instead of paying the same, the Count with his iron fist took him by the arm and demanded that he go with him to the police station. The driver, however, did not care to do that as he would have been arrested, tore himself away and ran off without collecting his fare. I have told these incidents to show how the immigrants were treated here on their arrival, the Germans especially, and that my superior officers were well satisfied with the way in which I handled such things.

The district, where I had my beat, from Van Buren to Taylor streets, was called the red district. The saloons with few exceptions could keep open the whole night. In my district I had two pleasure gardens or groves, where sometimes, especially on Saturday evenings, things became very lively. One evening a drunken woman jumped on a table and fired a revolver. My two lieutenants could not get through the crowd, but I forced my way in, protected in the rear by two detectives with drawn revolvers. When I reached the table, the woman threw the revolver into the crowd and we were unable to find it. By her hair I drew her from the table, pulled her out of doors and to the station. On Monday morning she was fined \$25.00 and costs and of course conducted herself in an entirely different manner after she became sober.

In that district were also two gambling hells which could exist because they were not molested if they did not use any hang-outs. But they did and in order to catch them, an alderman, also a member of Lessing Lodge, helped me. He came from the 14th ward. He could dress up in such a way, without changing his clothes, that he looked like a green farmer. The pullers got hold of him and I met them just at the right time. The alderman I chased away with a few rough sounding words, while I arrested the pullers. My friend acted several times for me that way and the pullers did not pull any more. I told them

that I would arrest them whenever I saw them on the street, even if they had not caught on to an intended victim.

One Sunday night I came to the corner of State and Harrison streets, when the loafers there told me that behind a saloon on that corner a farmer had been robbed. That saloon was no hold-up place, and the proprietor was a good man by the name of Lomax. The farmer soon came back from the station, where he had reported and he had been instructed to find me. He told me the old story of how he got acquainted with a nice man at the Stockyards, who promised to show him the town and who finally had enticed him into the dark back hall and robbed him. He had taken his gold watch and chain and a little money, not everything. I asked him where he was rooming and how long he intended to stay in Chicago. He replied that he intended to stay until he sold his cattle, whereupon I advised him to keep away and not be seen in the neighborhood, but to give me his address. In the evening the proprietor and I made arrangements to catch the robber, for we were sure that he would return when he thought the air clear. The barkeeper knew the fellow and it was agreed that if I should be there when the man came in that the barkeeper should offer a treat, place a glass in front of the robber and exchange it for a glass of beer if he did not wish to drink any whiskey. On the fourth night, about morning, I heard the invitation of the barkeeper and carefully took note of the man before whom he set the glass. He said, he did not want any whiskey, he wanted beer. Of course I was also invited and after the fourth glass I arrested the fellow, chained him and conducted him through the same dark back hall, when I noticed that he wanted to get rid of something. I had not told him what I arrested him for, but curious enough he wanted to get rid of the watch and chain he had taken from the farmer. The little affair brought him a reward of two years in the penitentiary.

The following winter about the Sylvester time two bandits

had created a night of terror with robbery, shooting and all possible misdeeds in that neighborhood. One of them was arrested the next morning not far from the place of their activity. His name was Crowe. The other's name was Bob Young. Five from our Station were sent there in civilian clothes and were outside from nine in the evening to five in the morning, and it was rather cold. In ten nights we cleared the district of the rascals, especially those who made it their business to break into the houses from the rear, so that not a single ruffian could be found. Everything was nice and clear. However, two months later, a number of detectives were sent into my district, who did not state for whom they were looking. One early morning, shortly after 7 o'clock, I was in a saloon enjoying a cup of coffee and rolls, when a fellow walked right through the place from the rear, and when he saw me, walked out again. After he was gone the saloonkeeper whispered to me that under all circumstances we ought to get that fellow. I went to the door and saw him enter another saloon which had two entrances, one at Peck court and the main entrance on State street, but just opposite the one where he had been. I now figured that if I alone went after him, he might have a chance to escape. Then I saw a street car passing and my friend Flori the Pope Donahue was standing on the platform. He also was one of the men who did not like to let a felon escape. I called him to come down and explained to him that a good catch was in the saloon, that he should enter it from the rear and not let anyone pass, and he would have to act quickly. When I entered, the fellow sat next to the stove. I took him by the arm and searched him, but he had no revolver with him. Notwithstanding I chained him to me—and as Donahue then came in, I requested him to also chain our prisoner. As soon as we had him outside of the place, I told him straight in the face that he was Bob Young, after whom the entire detective force was looking. At the station we introduced him to Capt. O'Donnell, who was highly

pleased that we had caught him. Bob Young and his partner Crowe were sentenced to 16 years each in the penitentiary.

I met many thieves and rascals in my district, and many of them were sent to the penitentiary. One Saturday evening a man came to me with a warrant for the arrest of his wife which stated that it was to be executed immediately. We began searching for her, and very soon found her in one of the so-called rooming houses almost entirely undressed, while her companion was still fully clothed. As soon as she realized her position she began to cry, but I took her to the station. We had to let her companion go, as the warrant called only for the arrest of the woman, but about midnight he came and asked me what he could do for her. I told him to get a bond for her, and as he could not do this, she had to remain in a cell till Monday morning, when the judge fined her \$25.00 and costs, which she could not pay. She was to be sent to the workhouse at noon, but I induced the bailiff to keep her till Tuesday, and told her companion if he had a spark of honor in his body, he would get the money to pay her fine, and later in the afternoon he brought the money in—she had only \$4.00 in her pocket. I advised her to keep away from this man, and get a position as a housemaid in some home, which she did through answering an advertisement in the *Staats-Zeitung*. She wrote me a letter saying she preferred to return to her husband and three children, so I told her I would see what I could do with him. I also advised her to write him where he could find her, and the following week he came in and showed me her letter, also told me he was having a difficult task with his housekeeper. He said his wife wanted her clothes and I advised him to send them to her. I did not tell him his wife had written to me, neither did I tell her that I had seen him. He came in the next week and said he had trouble with his third housekeeper, so I gave him a good lecture, and told him that he should have paid some attention to his wife, who really was good-looking, taking her to a show or a ball once in a while. He

quickly saw the fairness of it and said he would go and see his wife on Saturday evening, which he did and when her week was up on Wednesday, she gave up her position and went back home with her husband and children. Six or seven months later I was stationed at State and Randolph streets, he came to see me, thanked me for my efforts in bringing them together again in such a nice manner and invited me to dinner with them. I saw they were really happy together and I was pleased with the outcome of the whole affair and proud of my part in it. I saw him once in a while after that. This affair taught me a lesson to observe in my future life. I was not married at that time, but knew my dear Lena and one evening, my sister and I escorted her throughout that entire neighborhood.

Eleven days before our wedding I was drawn by apparent cries for help into a trap in a narrow alley and there attacked by five ruffians. They took my revolver away from me, which I foolishly had in my hip-pocket instead of my breast-pocket. But I fought my way out. One of the fellows had to have 16 stitches taken in his scalp, but I also had received my share so that we could not take any pictures on our wedding day, but for which we made up three weeks later. The attorney for the ruffians offered me \$200.00 or a good set of furniture, which I refused. He told me that Judge Foote, before whom the case had been set, would liberate them, even if they had to pay him more than the \$200.00. I did not accept the compromise and later on gave some of the fellows a good thrashing in return.

After being married on September 12, I bought a store for my sister, borrowing the money, \$350.00, necessary for its purchase. A week later my oldest brother Johannes, 20 years old, died. My younger brother Heinrich had hurt his chinbone the winter before while iceskating. The at that time celebrated Dr. Fenger operated on him nine times and finally cured him and he became a letter carrier. The future did not look so rosy for us, but I had my position as policeman.

In 1879, before I was married, I took part in the singing festival in Cincinnati as a member of the Sing-Verein Eintracht. My brother went along. On our return we were received by the wives of the other singers, and my dear Lena was among them as my future wife. The last night in Cincinnati we took down a transparent, in the center of which a big elephant was symbolized. Next morning we fastened it to a big pole and took it along to the train in our march through Cincinnati, and on our march to the hall of the singing society here in Chicago we dragged it with us. The wife of our Quartermaster Philipp Maas is still living, nearly 80 years old and in good health.

After the singing lessons in that society I had many a wonderful time. Very often my dear Lena had to get my things in shape before I could get to work. Of course, I had to walk over two miles at night before I got home. But many times, while I was stationed at that corner, I was sent out in civilian clothes to catch evil-doers and especially the thieves that were robbing the wagons and sleighs and I can say that I accomplished my duty to the satisfaction of my superior officers. For that reason they treated me very nicely and if ever I wanted to get off for a few days, especially if I wanted to make a trip out of the city, I had their permission, generally with full pay.

In 1880 the great Republican Convention which lasted ten days was held here in Chicago. During that convention Grant always received 306 votes while Garfield received but one. He himself had nominated General Sherman. It was a treat, as the best speakers and orators of the country took part in the convention. I was stationed there at the main entrance. Most of the doorkeepers were Masons. To some extent I did not have a regular job, but the Chief of Police or the Captain sent letters to me to obtain admission for their friends, who were mostly Catholic priests, and whom I should assist in this manner and I succeeded in satisfying most all of them. The parties showed themselves to be real gentlemen and during the entire

Convention I did not eat but once in the restaurant where the policemen got their meals. I always was the guest of the parties who had been sent to me, especially the priests, with whom I had the finest feasts in the best places, and the best wines and champagne also were not forgotten. I, of course, helped my own friends in the same manner, for instance Mr. John Buehler. Shortly before the end of the convention, and before the ovation about the nomination of Garfield was over, the man who had made the arrangements for the convention, and who was a Colonel from the Civil War times, accused me of having smuggled people into the convention and taken money for doing it. I took him by the collar and demanded that he withdraw the accusation. Of course, that caused some excitement and my Lieutenant Martin Hayes came on the scene. He took the man away from me and I heard that he told him that it was unjust to accuse me in this way. I never heard anything further about the matter. Of course, it had happened that people had offered me money, maybe even at the request of my superior officers, and one evening a certain party was so anxious to get in that I did let him enter, but I did not take the \$10.00 that he offered me.

During the summer I also took part in an excursion to Milwaukee with the singers. About my adventure there, I have already told the story.

I should also mention about our wedding, which took place in the house where my mother lived, 271 West Madison street. It was quite an affair for me. I was presented with two kegs of beer from Mrs. Kappes, who had a saloon on the first floor, and six gallons of wine from somebody who did not want to be mentioned and many other things, such as a meat roast, to provide for a real wedding festival. I was married by a minister, a friend of one of my lieutenants. He and Capt. Simon O'Donnell were present at the wedding. I had only a limited number of guests, but as the third floor was vacant and after

the ceremony was over, one of our members, Mr. Kretlow, a musician well-known in Chicago, came with the whole singing Society Eintracht Liederkrantz and they took possession of the third floor and sang and danced until almost seven o'clock in the morning. Brothers Maas, Heinemann and Keil were the last to leave. Of all those who attended our wedding, only Mrs. Maas is living today. This was our happy wedding celebration. But a week later things began to happen. My oldest brother died and then I had to take care of two families. After about ten months our oldest daughter, Olga, was born, who, however, lived only fourteen months, and that again caused great heartache.

Along with the description of our wedding and the first year of our married life I will not omit relating how we really got acquainted. Early in the seventies I became acquainted with a brother and friend of Lena, both tailors, on the Northwest Side. These people I met again in 1877 on State street. They had a tailor shop near 13th street, that neighborhood being very respectable and densely settled southward from 12th street, and from Clark street to the Lake. My never-to-be-forgotten Lena was working as a housemaid in the home of a Jewish banker by the name of Snyderdacker. I met her in September when she was at the home of Mr. Ephraim, who made us acquainted. I was stationed just for the day in that neighborhood. She made a fine impression on me on account of her decent and simple behavior, which I did not find in other girls of my acquaintance. Although I always looked for her, I did not see her until about six months later when I met her in the Turner Hall with the Pomy family. A concert and ball of the Orpheus and of the Liederkrantz Eintracht took place in the Vorwaerts Turner Hall on 12th street. That hall had been built in 1868 when we first came to Chicago. The festival took place for the benefit of the yellow fever sufferers in the South and I took part in the singing. I did not have any idea

of going there, but chance helped me along. I belonged to the first platoon at the Harrison Street Station. The city did not have any money to pay the police and other employes and our wages had been cut from \$1,000.00 to \$850.00 per year and many policemen were discharged. I had asked to be permitted to go to the Turner Hall, but had been refused.

Mike McDonald at that time was proprietor of a saloon on the northwest corner of Clark and Monroe streets, in the upper stories of which he ran a gambling house. It was raided by the other platoon. Mrs. McDonald shot at the policemen, then ran upstairs, barricading the doors. About eleven o'clock in the evening (Saturday evening), I was sent there with Policeman McQuirck to watch everything and to see that Mrs. McDonald did not escape, which, however, did happen by her getting away over the roofs. The houses there were all four stories high. My partner became thirsty and wanted to quench his thirst, so went out of the place. A little to the north there was another saloon, run by Louis Schwuchow, which was open all night for the benefit of the newspaper printers, etc. Now, if he had gone directly to that place, nothing would have happened. But McQuirck did not want to be seen and tried to enter by a back entrance, a little to the west of the corner, where now the New York Life Insurance Company Building is located. It was a seven-story building, erected in the winter right after the fire and the foundations had not been well built. These were being rebuilt and the stone masons had dug a ditch ten feet deep. The large stones were laying around there. About one o'clock the negro employed by McDonald in his gambling house, who knew me, came to me with the invitation from McDonald to eat and drink all the bottle beer, coffee and rolls that we wanted, also that we need not bother about his wife any further as he would bring her to court on Monday morning, which he really did. I asked the negro to let me in later as I must go out to look for my

partner, who had left about an hour before. The first thing I did was to go to Schwuchow and ask him if he had seen McQuirck. He said, "No." Only Swanson had been there and he had gone back to the station for relief. I took a bowl of soup, had two glasses of beer and then went out where I met an acquaintance, with whom I walked back to Monroe street. It was a star-lit March night, cool and dry. My friend walked in a southerly direction. Suddenly I heard a noise like groaning and crying. I followed the noise and came to the place of the New York Life Building and there in the ditch I saw McQuirck lying, terribly hurt. Three of his ribs had been broken and had pierced his lungs. I whistled for help and the policeman on patrol duty there, a Pinkerton man, and a cab driver came running to help me. I had to climb down and with the help of the other three who laid down on the stones on the level ground, we succeeded in getting him out. The policeman on duty and the cab driver then took him to the station and from there to the County Hospital, which at the time was located at 18th street and Wentworth avenue. He died two days later.

I went back to the gambling hall, where the negro treated me royally, and remained till two o'clock in the afternoon when I sent a passing policeman to the station to inquire how long I should stay there. I was called to the station and Capt. O'Donnell asked me when I had to be back on duty. I replied: "At seven in the evening." I had then been on duty from seven in the evening until one o'clock the following afternoon, fifteen hours. I made note of this, changed my clothes, went home and slept a few hours, and at eight o'clock in the evening was at the Turner Hall to sing with the others. When the dancing began, I walked up to my dear Lena, who was sitting by Mrs. Pomy, to invite her to dance. Another man was there, who also wanted to dance with her. Later on she told me that when she saw us coming, she asked Mrs. Pomy whom she should select, and Mrs. Pomy told her, "The tall one, he is a

good dancer." After the dance I brought my Lena back to Mrs. Pomy, who, when I wanted to withdraw, said, "You are going to stay here, for we love to dance and my husband will be in the barroom most of the evening." I gladly stayed with them and we danced till five in the morning. Then I brought them home and asked my dear Lena if I might call on her and she assented. She was so decent and fine. When we went out, I bought her five cents' worth of bananas. She knew that I did not have much money, for I had to take care of my family. When she wanted to go to some concert or ball, I sent my brother Johannes with her, and later called for her. A great concert of the Orpheus and Liederkranz Eintracht had been arranged for in the Vorwaerts-Turner Hall, where she wished to go. I promised her that I would call for her about midnight, and that we were going to dance till early in the morning. I asked my dear Captain O'Donnell for permission to go. But he refused point blank, although he knew my beloved Lena. However, I went though it was against his will.

On my beat on Randolph street there was a wholesale house dealing in California wines and the proprietor on one evening had a little too much. He met the captain and the two lieutenants, Ebersoll and Byrne, near his place and insisted that they all should come in, as he had wine and champagne on ice and also plenty of sandwiches. Captain O'Donnell took me along and while he was busy opening the bottles, I told the lieutenants my trouble and that I wanted to take the last street car, which went on Halsted street at twelve o'clock. They told me that I should talk with Noonan and Donahue and then go to the Turner Hall at twelve o'clock. I did not drink much, but went and hunted Noonan and Donahue, who were good friends of mine, and with my civilian clothes under my overcoat, took the second last street car and arrived at the Turner Hall in time for the dance, where I danced till five o'clock in the morning and accompanied my dear Lena home. I then went

to the station to be on duty at seven o'clock. My dear Captain O'Donnell was there and asked me where I had been. I answered: "In the Turner Hall." He then said that he surely had forbidden me to go, whereupon I explained that that was true, but that the Pomys, whom he also knew well, had been there and that it would have been cruel if I had not been able to call for my beloved Lena. I also told him that the two lieutenants had told me that I should communicate with Noonan and Donahue and that I then could go to the Turner Hall at twelve o'clock. He asked me when I had to be on duty, and on my answer—at once—he did not send me out for patrol duty, but gave me a warrant of arrest for a man living near the Stock Yards. And when I brought the man in about ten o'clock, he gave me another warrant for the arrest of a man living on Cottage Grove avenue, near 39th street. When I returned with this man at about half past twelve, the captain asked me to go home with him for dinner. I was so dead tired, however, that I preferred sleep to any dinner. About three o'clock I was awakened by hearing that the captain wanted to see me. I did not get up. A few minutes later the desk sergeant came, pulled me and the mattress from the bed and told me that the captain wanted to see me. I dressed and went down to the captain, who curtly ordered me to dress in my best and go to the Pacific Hotel, to a great Jewish wedding. Some other time would have suited me much better, but I had to go. I got to the hotel about half past four and there stated my mission. I was asked whether I had had my supper, and I replied that I had had neither dinner nor supper. I was invited to go to the dining room and I ordered the entire bill of fare twice as I was hungry and a good eater. Afterwards I went downstairs and received the guests as was the custom at that time. When all were there, everybody went upstairs. I took off my overcoat and overshoes and in full uniform, with kid gloves and everything stood at the entrance to the hall till twelve o'clock, when

the great feast began. Although served in a side room, I received everything that the guests received, moselle wine and champagne. I even went and got two of my colleagues from the street, who helped me to finish all that was served to me. Then when the wedding celebration was over at four in the morning, I went home to sleep so that nobody could wake me up.

About eight years ago in the rooms of the Probate Court, Judge Horner introduced me to his uncle, one of the members of the wholesale grocery firm of Horner Brothers, on Randolph street. I asked him if he was a younger brother of the Mr. Horner, whose wedding I had attended at the Pacific Hotel? He asked me what I knew about it. At the time I was President of the Board of Election Commissioners and I told him that I had been the policeman who had been commandeered to watch the wedding. At that time I had weighed about 100 pounds less than now. He looked at me from head to foot. I stood up in front of him and stated that I still was six feet two inches in height. He said that he recognized me now and that it was his own wedding which had taken place there. They had spoken about the wedding at home a short time ago and how beautiful everything had been and how the German policeman had handled everything in such good shape. He asked me how I had been treated at the wedding, and I could assure him very fine, that I had received everything to eat and drink the same as he himself had received. I was highly pleased with the recognition after all these years. Forty years had gone by since that wedding.

I have had many more adventures.

One evening an elderly man came to me and asked me if I had seen two nice looking girls with real red cheeks in the company of an older man, who had a business in the same place. I had seen them and also had seen where they went. So I brought the old man to a three-story house at the corner of Congress and State streets, which had been built in 1874 right

after the fire especially for this purpose. It was not even equipped with gas. A Mrs. Goldstein was running the place, who at first wanted to refuse us permission to look for the parties. I insinuated to her that if she did not wish any trouble, she would not hinder us in our quest. Upon our knocking, the door was opened a bit, and I put my foot in and pushed the door entirely open. One of the girls had to light a light and we found the man and the two girls together in bed. I forced the man to get up and took him along, while I left the father with his two daughters, aged nineteen and twenty-one years. The fellow spoke of a warrant, but a slap on his cheek convinced him that it was better for him to come along peaceably. Next morning he was fined \$5.00 and costs.

A few nights after that I met the old man again, who told me that his daughters did not want to go home with him. I told him that if he wanted to appear against them, I would arrest the girls and also that fellow once more and that the latter would not get off so easily this time. The girls undoubtedly would be held for a few days and that surely would be enough for them. The father thought that he did not wish to put the shame of having been arrested on his daughters. So I had to let him go, but told him that to be locked up would come soon enough and that in a few years more he would not be able to recognize his daughters.

Shortly before I left that station, I had asked my captain if he could transfer me to the day shift. In the meantime he had become Chief of Police and on November 1st I was transferred.

Once near midnight when I was standing at the corner of Harrison and State streets, I heard a terrible noise coming from the neighborhood of Clark and Van Buren streets. Two policemen, rather little fellows, were trying to arrest one of the damsels there, Maggie by name, who was tall and strong. She knew me and I told her to be good and come along. I offered her my arm and led her to the station. On the way she told

me that she was sick and tired of that life, and I advised her to get a position as a housemaid for she was strong enough and could make money. Next morning a young fellow came and asked me if I could get Maggie out of the bull pen, where the prisoners were kept before sentence. I did so and he talked with her in a corner of the room till her case was called. I spoke a good word for Maggie and she was fined \$10.00 and costs. About five years after that, long after I had quit the police force, I was driving over the viaduct on Sangamon street when I noticed a woman with a baby carriage. As I came near her, she stopped me and said: "Yes, Lueders, it is I." It was the celebrated Maggie with her children, one of which could walk. She told me that the young man who had spoken with her at the station and for whom I had let her out of the bull pen had promised her that morning that he would marry her if she would give up that immoral life. She also asked me if I remembered it. She said that she had promised him to be a true and honest wife and so he had married her. With pride she pointed to her two children. I asked her if one or the other of her old admirers came to see her, whereupon she answered: "Lueders, you know me—" and she showed her clenched fist. She always was able to take care of herself and to combat even very strong men. I saw her several times after that for a number of years; she had another baby and I am fully convinced that she became a true and honest wife.

I was held in reserve one afternoon shortly before I went on day duty. There were something like fifteen or twenty men at the station. Then a woman came in, looked us over, came to me and asked if she could talk to me privately. I took her into the court room, which was empty. After we sat down, she began to cry and told me that she had been born and raised in St. Louis, but had been immoral there. After she became disgusted with that, she came to Chicago and got a place in one of the rich families of the South Side. There she met and married a man

who did not know anything about her life in St. Louis. Now one of her former paramours in St. Louis had found out her address and had written her that she must meet him at the railroad station, otherwise he would tell her husband what kind of a woman she had been. I took the woman to O'Donnell, who said: "August, get into full civilian clothes quickly and bring in that fellow." There was no time to be lost. On the way to the station the woman told me that she did not wish to point out the man to me for then he would know that she had given him away. I told her that she must meet the man, and that I would keep in the background but would appear in due time, and that she should not mind what I would say to her. The fellow arrived on the train, and after he had talked to the woman for about ten or fifteen minutes, I walked up to them, took the fellow by the neck and slapped his ears (O'Donnell had told me to treat him not too gently) and told him that I thought that he was the fellow after whom my captain had sent me; but he should have been alone. Then I asked the woman: "Who are you and who is the fellow whom you have there? It is best that I take both of you to the station." I told her not to run away, and the fellow begged me not to beat him again. I brought him to the captain at the station and said, "I believe this is the fellow you sent me to bring in. He had a woman with him, and I asked both, who they were, but did not get any reply. So I brought both of them along and the woman is outside." I was then instructed by the captain to see that she did not run away and he took hold of the fellow. Then the woman was called in, and I was instructed to take the fellow to the Chicago & Alton Railroad depot and see that he bought a ticket back to St. Louis, then ride along with him to Brighton Park, which at that time was outside of the city limits. I should not handle the fellow too gently, was the final instruction. I told him that if we ever saw him in Chicago again, or if he wrote another letter such as he had done, someone would come to St.

Louis after him and that we would send him to the penitentiary. This time we had decided to be lenient with him at the request of the woman. I accompanied him to Brighton Park, where I beat him around the ears several times before I left him. The conductor asked me if that was our way of saying good-bye to a friend. I told the whole story to the conductor and asked him to see that the man did not leave the train before he arrived in St. Louis. We never heard anything further from him and undoubtedly he did not write any more such letters.

Late in the fall I was transferred to the West Side. McGarrigle had become Chief of Police in the meantime and O'Donnell again had assumed his duties as captain at the 12th Street Station. I was transferred to the old Madison Street Station, where the notorious Captain Bonfield held sway. There again I had a good Irish partner and showed myself to be good at catching thieves. We arrested a fellow who was carrying a big bag of things stolen from the well-known eye and ear specialist, Dr. Hotz. The thief did not wish to tell Captain Bonfield but would tell the men who arrested him, where the rest of the stolen things could be found. After the thief had been held to the Criminal Court next morning, the doctor asked the judge if he could have his things, as he had to return the things that he had borrowed from his brother-in-law, who was the great wagon manufacturer, Schuettler. After I had made an inventory thereof, which was our custom at the Harrison Street Station, I gave the things, which were worth about \$500.00, to the doctor. Two days later, Captain Bonfield called me to his room and asked me how I, without his permission, had dared return the things to the doctor. I replied that the judge had ordered it. He then asked me, "Who made out the inventory?" I answered that I had made it out. He said neither my beloved O'Donnell nor I could do that. I had to get the inventory from headquarters and after thoroughly inspecting and not finding anything wrong with it, he put his name on it. I returned it to headquarters,

where all present laughed about the way Captain Bonfield had acted. Two days later, the doctor came and invited us to a dinner at a place next to the station and gave me \$10.00, requesting that I should give half of it to my colleague. I told him that we were not allowed to take any money without permission of our superior officer, also told him that if I had not given him his things it would have cost him much more to get them back.

Some time later my comrade and I arrested the two robbers who had held up the employees at the new railroad station on Canal street. One of them received ten years in the penitentiary, the other was set free, because the people could not definitely identify him. A Saturday night later on, both of us being thirsty, we went to a typical Irishman, Mike Ford, who had a place at Canal and Van Buren streets. As we were entering at the side entrance, two fellows carrying a big package were leaving the place and one of them said that they were tailors. We did not trust the fellows and asked Ford to give us hats, took off our overcoats and followed the men. One of them disappeared at the bridge, but we picked up the other one carrying the package on Fifth avenue, now Wells street, and took him back to Mike's place. We found fine cloaks in the package. We put on our overcoats and took the man to the station, where Captain Bonfield was present. He asked us where we had picked up the fellow, and when we told him at Van Buren street and Fifth avenue, he growled at us instead of praising us and wanted to know what business we had there. The next Wednesday we read in the newspapers that two of his detectives had caught a fellow with \$700.00 worth of goods which had been stolen from a cloak factory (coat factory) on Quincy street. We never saw the thief or coats again. Thus the great Bonfield was a bragging, crooked and thieving officer. I made every effort to get away from there and Chief McGarrigle transferred me again to the South Side, at the corner of State and Randolph streets, where I got acquainted with the later well-known brewer,

Peter Hand. At that time he was a cigar salesman and had been a lieutenant during the Civil War. I met him on the North Side, coming from the Criminal Court a few weeks before that time. He became agent for the Conrad Seipp Brewery and sometimes took me along to call on his customers. He explained his duties, whereupon I told him that I also could do that. He knew that the brewery was looking for more agents, so on his recommendation I made application and by the end of May got a position with the West Side Brewery, which, however, I could not accept until June 11, as my chief told Mr. Seipp that it was the rule that a fellow had to wait ten days for his release and then it would be hard for them to replace me. I put in my resignation on June 1st. The last day of my service was a very hard one, as I was stationed at the corner of Canal and Van Buren streets, and the bridges on Adams and Van Buren streets were out of order. As it was on a Saturday and there was a tie-up of all kinds of vehicles that wanted to get away from the freight depots, I stayed all day and did not even go for dinner.

When I made the application for this position at the brewery, I had to give references and among them I gave the name of John Buehler, the banker, who, with Mr. Seipp, was half owner of the Aurora Turner Hall. When I told Mr. Buehler that I had taken the liberty of giving his name as a reference, he asked me if I needed any bonds, in which case he would be willing to sign them for me. It seemed that he had not forgotten the small attention I had shown him two years before. I did not have to furnish bonds but was asked if I were able to talk Plattdeutsch (low German), whereupon I answered in my mother tongue, which was of greatest service to me in that position.

In the summer of 1881 I came from the Vorwaerts Turner Hall with Mr. John Gloy and Mr. Bielefeld. At that time the patrol wagons were being introduced at the 12th Street Station. One day when I arrived at the station the wagon was about to

start out. I jumped in and helped another policeman named O'Brien to get in. I did not have a revolver with me for I did not have any idea what it was all about and what was going to happen. We went to Morgan and Henry streets. There a boy by the name of Cahill had shot another boy in the leg and had been arrested by a policeman living in the neighborhood. His mother and an older brother by the name of Thomas Cahill took him away from the policeman. When we got there, the Cahills had barricaded themselves in the rear house where they lived. O'Brien knew them and appealed to them to come out and give themselves up. There were three of us standing on the platform of the stairway. Instead of surrendering themselves, the door of their room was opened a little bit, a shot rang out, and O'Brien fell into my arms, shot through the lungs. We carefully took him downstairs, but he died two days later, leaving a widow and eight children, ranging in age from two to twelve years.

I took O'Brien's revolver and ran back to the door. In the meantime more policemen arrived and the shooting started again. Later on we figured out that Tom must have shot at least thirty times, always encouraged by his mother to do so. Each time the door was suddenly opened a little and a shot fired. Two more policemen were shot that way, one in the head and the other in the side. I am still amazed today that I was not hit. Only O'Donnell and I were left about twelve-thirty and O'Donnell told me, "Do not let the fellow get away. I am going to get more policemen so that we can break in the door with a fence post." Then when the mother and son saw that I was the only one left she said to him, "Tom, shoot at him through the window." She placed a light on the window sill before the curtain so that they could see me much better. I was down stairs in the yard, not fifteen feet from the window, and I had heard the advice of the mother. I had been very careful with my cartridges, and had only two left. We pointed at each

other. Both shots rang out at the same time and I heard the mother's voice: "Oh, my poor Tom has been shot through the lungs." He did not die from that wound, neither was he hung, but was sent to the penitentiary for life. The mother went free.

Near the end of March, the last time I was stationed at the 12th Street Station, a very nice Irishman came and asked me to go with him to his house as he had a position of trust and was a messenger for the Hibernian Bank. He had an elderly woman taking care of his five children. Then he took me to a place under the house and there was his wife totally drunk. The house stood on posts four feet high. He asked me to arrest his wife, which I did after he told me the circumstances. He fetched a wheelbarrow and we placed her in it. I held her head and we took her to the station. Next morning the judge asked her if she could sober up in a month. She said she would and the judge fined her \$15.00 and costs, which meant thirty-three days in the workhouse. A year later, when I was at the Harrison Street Station, the man came to me and asked me if I would be willing to testify for him, the priest and the bishop having allowed him to start suit for divorce. The bank officials had helped him before in this affair and they told me he was a good and truthful fellow. I testified for him and he got a divorce. He told me that when he saw he could not do anything with her, he bought a small barrel of whiskey and thought that she would drink herself to death.

There at Harrison Street Station, I got acquainted with a number of nice people, for instance, Dr. Ernst Schmidt, the father of the celebrated Dr. Otto L. Schmidt, who in 1879, when he was running on the Labor Ticket for mayor of the city, received over 12,000 votes. Carter Harrison received at that time 25,000 votes and the Republican about 20,000 votes.

I also got acquainted with Dr. Ziegfeld, father and grandfather of the present Ziegfelds. He not only was a physician,

but also a musician. My dear Lena often baked pumpernickel for him, which at that time was very hard to get.

In November, 1880, my dear Lena's two brothers, Johann, the older, and Charles, came to Chicago. It was only right that she should desire to bring the rest of her family over here. We had settled all our debts with our aunt, but I still had to help my mother. Then one day the aunt stated that she wanted to send for her sister and her family and had written them to get ready by spring. At that time we were living in two rooms and paid \$5.00 per month rent. The house was rather out of the way so in February we rented another four-room flat on Washburn avenue, for which we had to pay \$10.00 rent. We also needed money for stoves and other necessary things as my dear Lena had used her aunt's stove. She always went to the Stock Yards with a neighbor for meat, where it could be had much cheaper. But I had a friend from Hamburg, Fritz Sommer by name, who let me have a stove and everything that was necessary in the kitchen. We had a table and chairs. The table as well as one or two of the chairs are still in my possession and are highly prized. Charlie moved with us, while Johann remained with my aunt, who had written her sister to come, but had not arranged for the cost of the tickets which for all, amounted to \$180.00. I went to Mr. Wm. Heinemann and told him our troubles and made a down payment of \$40.00 and signed seven notes of \$20.00 each for the balance and the tickets were sent off the same day. The joy of my dear Lena was great when I told her about it that evening. Then the next thing I did was to go to my friend Sommer and tell him that for the time being he would have to wait for payments on the stove, etc. But in answer he said: "Now that your wife's parents and the children are coming, you surely will need more, and we have everything that you want." That of course pleased us very much. The family arrived the first of May. Charles was working on new buildings and we all saved and were inde-

pendent of the aunt, who of course, now understood that she had not acted quite right. I procured a position for my father-in-law near where we were living, in a stable of the street car company. Thus everything went along nicely and in good order. Johann went to live with his parents and was married two years later. Charles remained with us. The following winter I got acquainted with the foreman in the press room of the Daily News and through my influence my brother-in-law secured employment there. So he was steadily employed and had no troubles. The payment of our debts then proceeded more rapidly.

My father-in-law was a good scout. They arrived on a Saturday evening. Next morning I told him we wanted to go to church. Later he told me he never had been a great church goer. Neither was I. And he had thought that here in this country we were free of the church, but the first thing we did was go to church. He saw the great Jesuit Church behind our place and thought that we were going there. However, I led him to Mr. Maas' place, the meeting place of all the intelligent German-Americans of the South Side. When we got there, I told him, that was my church. "Now, then everything is all right," he said. Inside were quite a number of my friends and lodge brothers. Brother Maas greeted us and Kastler, Yuers and many more were in attendance. Mr. Maas always had a wonderful free lunch on Sunday and he told my father-in-law that he might eat whatever pleased him, for which he was thanked, for my father-in-law thought that I would have to pay for it. But Mr. Maas took a plate, knife and fork, filled the plate with all kinds of good things to eat and placed it before the old man with the invitation to enjoy himself and that it did not cost anything. Then he ate everything and later on visited Maas' place every morning. He worked right behind his place, and always came to drink two glasses of beer and Mr. Maas always gave him

something nice to eat. That custom was a great pleasure for my father-in-law.

I already have related how I gave up my position and started on a new one. It was a rather hard fight until I became accustomed to the life of the representative of a brewery. But my dear Lena faithfully stood by me. My competitors laughed about it when I took her with me to the customers, who sometimes did not like it when she came along. But sometimes I invited the women of the saloon keepers to visit us and Lena prepared some good coffee for them. The women as a rule, had great influence on their husbands and I knew how to take advantage of that. I became very, very busy as I had to take part in Polish weddings, which often lasted for 24 hours and more. Sometimes I had to bring home some of the cakes that had been given me by the fair ladies. I was especially busy during the Christmas time, as I had to satisfy some of the customers when they thought they had not been fairly dealt with in their Christmas presents, and so I had no time to have a celebration at home. But my dear Lena did not kick about it, and after a year I was well established in my position and the Brewery increased my salary from year to year so that after seven years my income from my salary was \$2,500.00.

We then took part in many festivities, and also made our wedding trip. In 1883 the Turn-Verein Vorwaerts made an excursion to St. Louis. We took part in it and had a wonderful time. The same year a saloonkeeper told me that if I would join the West Chicago Wirts-Verein that he would take my beer. I accepted his offer and later on took a prominent part in the affairs of the organization.

In 1882 we moved a little northward, nearer to the brewery, on Paulina and Cornelia streets. That neighborhood at the time was almost exclusively settled by Plattdeutsch (low Germans) and as most of our customers in that neighborhood were Plattdeutsch, the reason why I was sent over there was that I

could talk that language. I had a double-seated sled and on a certain winter day, the saloonkeeper in front of whose place I was standing, unhitched the horse and sent it to the brewery. The saloonkeepers with some of their friends then pulled and pushed the sled and finally there were ten of us. We went from place to place and we had a lot of fun and enjoyment doing it.

At that time I had some customers in what was called Jefferson and one at the County Institution at Dunning. They told me one day I should visit a saloonkeeper by the name of Thorson and one at the County Institution at Dunning. They told out on Milwaukee avenue in connection with a brick yard. The County Clerk, Wulf from Meldorf, also went along. When we got there I treated three times. Friend Callahan then said that I should treat once more. So far I had not paid yet. At the end of the bar a man was standing, whom I asked what he wanted to drink. He replied in genuine Mecklenburgian, that he would not drink with us, for fellows like us who did not pay for their drinks were not good company and that we should pay before he would drink with us, as otherwise he would have to pay himself. All of us with the exception of Callahan, who could not understand him, laughed out loud in which the saloonkeeper joined us. On being informed of what had been said, Callahan remarked, yes, we really look rather suspicious and so you, Lueders, better pay up. I paid and then he took his drink. Callahan then took him in his care and insisted that inasmuch as he was an Irishman that he had to drink whiskey with him, which he willingly did. He soon had enough so that he fell asleep. That broke the ice and I won the customer.

I then paid for everything and made all necessary arrangements. We later had supper at Callahan's place, whose wife was a good cook. It was late at night when I got home, but Mr. Thorson had his load of beer as well as the necessary signs early next morning.

In 1882 when Mr. Wm. Seipp ran for the office of County

Treasurer, he was elected especially through my efforts in the city itself. For instance, the old 14th ward at that time was really Ohio street, and the entire Northwest Side generally gave the Republican ticket a majority of 2500 votes. Mr. Wulf at that time was elected on the Republican ticket, but almost all the other candidates on the Democratic ticket, including Mr. Seipp, received a majority of about 2300 votes in that Platt-deutsche ward. That settled the election and it also brought me the name of a politician ; although I never ran for any political office, in most cases my advice was sought by the political bosses and I at some later time showed the Democrats what I was able to do. At that time I demanded that they nominate my friend, Carl Haerting, for the position of City Clerk. He really was a man well able to fill the position, but they did not do it and in his stead nominated a commission man by the name of Neu-meister. His opponent was Franz Amberg, a lodge brother of mine, for whom I came out open in the field and he was elected by a great majority.

That gave me more glory and influence, which however I only made use of for my friends and customers. Later on I also brought my influence to bear against other candidates, especially against Alderman Johnson of the 14th ward, who had voted for a license of \$1,000.00 and who was beaten so badly that he was eliminated from the political field.

In 1881 our daughter was born, who passed away in 1896 at the age of 14 years and 4 months. Her death was a bad blow for my dear Lena, which she was never able to overcome. In 1884 our son Walter was born, who died in 1919. He left two precious girls behind him, the oldest of whom is eighteen and engaged to be married to Architect Jacob Gerber. Our only surviving child, Dr. August H. Lueders, was born directly after the Haymarket riot on June 9, 1886. This event nearly cost my dear Lena's life. The other two children were lying ill with scarlet fever that had been brought to us by some Meth-

odists who lived in the same house that we were living in. I stayed up with her the whole night and slept only a few hours in the morning and in the evening. During the night I was lying on the floor so that I could be on hand right away when wanted or needed. Many a night she slept very little and then we talked together about all kinds of things. One night we heard how these so-called Christians were singing all kinds of songs and hallelujahs after German melodies. I surely cannot recognize these people as Christians. I told her surely a child has died, and such was the case and they had sung these songs and melodies all night long. My mother and mother-in-law were with us in the house that night. Lena's sister was our servant girl and a Mrs. Keese from Marne, who is still living and over 90 years old, was also with us quite frequently. She used to live next door to us. All got well, but the terrible sickness laid the foundation for the condition that at too early a date took our dear Irma away from us, notwithstanding all possible medical assistance.

At that time I bought a building lot on Augusta street for \$1,200.00. We had a little more money besides and so we built a nice home with a good basement, having six rooms upstairs, and kitchen and bedrooms downstairs. The front room very often was used as a dance hall. Of all our friends at that time, only Fritz Nebel is living and now resides in California. In that home we enjoyed many happy hours. First came the housewarming on January 15th, the birthday of my dear Lena. However we had moved in there at the beginning of November and hoped to live there for the rest of our lives, but in 1893, the elevated railroad drove us away. We received a rather good compensation for the house and were glad to get away. A Lieutenant von Mannstein very frequently was our guest there as he had been many times at our former residences. He danced and sang very well. He had to leave Germany for the following reason: He was billeted with his men before

Paris and on Christmas eve they discovered quite a lot of wine in a castle and merrily celebrated the evening, so that when his major came for inspection, he found the soldiers a little too happy, so he said to von Mannstein: "Yea, your men are a band of soused swine." Von Mannstein, who did not like this remark, drew his sword, stepped before the major and protested against such language and said that his men were good Prussian soldiers and not swine. Of course, this was an infringement on the strict discipline and only because his father, his brother and all his relatives were highly esteemed officers in the army, did he get off with light punishment, which consisted in his being allowed to take part in the victorious return to and entrance in Berlin with his regiment, then to resign and leave his fatherland. At first he lived in New York, then came to Chicago, where he got a position in the Map Department of the City Hall. When I got acquainted with him in 1883, he was ready to return to Germany and he received his pardon long years after, but did not return home. He was a fine entertainer and we often exchanged visits with him. He also knew how to make a real fine punch (bowl), which we in Hinsdale are still willing to enjoy if we can get the necessary material such as red wine, rum, champagne and all the other necessary little things that go with it. To our sorrow, the three first named articles are very hard to get.

Shortly after the throwing of the bomb on the Haymarket in 1886, a saloonkeeper who had been there as a bystander, told me that the whole thing could have been prevented if the notorious Capt. Bonfield had carried out the orders of Mayor Harrison, who also had listened to the speeches, that the police return to their stations. But that infernal rascal wanted to see blood. My friend told me that he had seen the bomb fly through the air, also that Bonfield had shot right and left into the crowd. He said it was too bad that the bomb did not strike that d——d fellow, for Chicago surely would have lost very little thereby.

It surely was a wonder that more people were not killed or wounded. One thing a reliable business man told me a few days ago is sure, that Spies had been a much better man mentally and morally than Bonfield. He asked me if I knew Spies, which I did, in fact I knew him very well as a policeman and later I often heard his speeches. As to Bonfield, I know that he was a big grafter. I had the proofs of it, for otherwise he surely would have reported me for the manner in which I went against him. And how did some of the other higher police officers, for instance, Ebersold, act and prosecute the saloonkeepers? Everywhere he sensed all kinds of conspiracies between the Anarchists and the saloonkeepers. At one time I went to Ebersold and complained about a Danish sergeant who worked against very high standing saloonkeepers in an outrageous manner. I told Ebersold that everything that sergeant had reported against these people was a lie. He asked me then, why I was so sure about it and that if my claims could be proven true he would discharge the man. My claims never have been contradicted, but two years later that sergeant was dismissed from the service in disgrace, not by Ebersold, but by his successor. One thing is certain, that not much good can be said about our German Chief of Police, who in all his time as a member of the police force did not have the distinction of having personally arrested a criminal of note. He rose to the rank because he was a good and faithful Methodist, who went to church every Sunday. That surely helped him to get the position, but it was not enough to keep him there.

That was a terrible time, for the snufflers were on top. Everywhere people were denounced as socialists or anarchists, and the accused did not have any idea what crime they committed. However, in time the excitement died down and the few who are still living from that time, now laugh about the anarchist fear prevailing then. I was Secretary of the West Chicago Wirts-Verein and all who got into trouble came to me for help.

At that time I became acquainted with "long" Harris. He was Alderman and a lawyer and I got him to represent the Wirts-Verein, whereby he was able to do a lot of good. And as a genuine American, or rather native born American, they could not say or do anything against him.

The first conference of the saloonkeepers in which I took part was held in Springfield in 1886. We had a good customer there, whom another brewery wanted to get away from us. The place was owned by two very nice Swedish fellows and they were known as having the best and finest place there. Later, in 1889 we established a branch office there and I succeeded in winning a few very good customers in Springfield and the neighborhood. In 1890, at the state convention of the Wirts-Verein I was elected state secretary. It was also a hard job as the association was on the point of breaking up and if I had not spent my Sundays going first to one place or another and worked hard for the association, this surely would have happened. But during that year I was so successful that I was re-elected un-animously for another year. In 1889 the convention was held in Peoria and we were just celebrating our tenth wedding anniversary, so we got a lot of presents in tinware and twenty years after we still had quite a lot of the kitchenware in regular use. We celebrated the event with a number of good cocktails.

In 1891, the reformers and the Methodists began a campaign against the saloonkeepers in LaSalle and Peru. They did not go after the saloons in Ottawa. Even the mayor of LaSalle, Mr. Mattison, had been indicted for negligence in office. The owners of the places were each fined \$25.00 and costs. Twice they were taken in that way and now prosecuted for the third time. So they called for help and assistance from the state organization and the President, Mr. John F. Ginty, I as the secretary and Mr. Madison Harris as attorney were sent there to find out what could be done. It was nothing but a common holdup, engineered by the local state's attorney, a Methodist preacher and

the ex-state's attorney of LaSalle County, who shared the proceeds between themselves. Our Mr. Harris was well acquainted with the ex-state's attorney and we invited him to Mr. Metzger's saloon, where we played cards with him the whole night, for the drinks, of course. Now, when the ex-state's attorney lost, Mr. Harris paid for it and so about five in the morning he began to confess and stated that the Methodist preacher brought in the proofs, that the state's attorney entered the suits, and that he, who was well acquainted with the saloonkeepers nolle-prossed the suits against payment of costs. The saloonkeepers after that were not further molested and Mayor Mattison was discharged by a jury.

Mr. Mattison at his own expense had the water works built and sold it to the city for \$1.00. He was a Schleswig-Holsteinian and came from Altona. I was present at all state conventions which were held, once in Quincy, twice in Bloomington, and once in Rock Island. I always had Lena, my life's dear companion, with me and both of us made friends wherever we went. But most of them have already gone where my dear Lena is.

In 1898 we visited the exhibition in Omaha, which in its way was very good; here we became acquainted with Mr. Niemand from Itzehoe, whom we met often later on. We also visited his brother in Itzehoe, who was a teacher there.

In 1893 I helped organize the Saloonkeepers Association of the United States, whose next convention took place in 1894 in St. Louis. It was a great success and the organization was placed on a solid footing. Of course, we delegates were treated wonderfully. A local brewer had furnished the money for that. In 1895 the convention took place at the federal capital, Washington. I saw that city then for the first time. We were treated like kings in every respect and were shown all that was worth seeing. From there we went to Philadelphia, where we stayed one day, and then to New York, which I saw for the first time since our arrival as emigrants. We stayed there for a full week

and on our way home we stopped over in Baltimore and also in Pittsburgh for one day.

In 1894 we moved from one house into the other. Once, burglars got into our house and the thieves took my gold watch and chain and \$40.00 in cash. Later at Christmas my friends made me a present of a gold watch valued at \$400.00. I recently gave the watch to my son as a keepsake.

During the conventions of the state organization as well as those of the national alliance we became acquainted with a number of very fine people, with whom we kept in constant communication. For instance, Mr. Tellbuescher of Quincy, Mr. Ohlweiler of Rock Island, Mr. W. P. Schade of Decatur, and Senator Charles Schweichart of St. Louis. In Cleveland I met the two brothers Hausschild from Neumuenster; they were somewhat younger than I. In Hoboken I met an old schoolmate of mine, Johannes Schuemann who has, as have all of the others mentioned here, gone to the place from which no one returns. This coming winter I shall visit his nephew in Vera Cruz. I met his father in the old home-town in 1900. He drove us around several times and helped us to find our relatives.

I nearly forgot my dear friends in Springfield, Charley Becker and Charley Fehr. But these, too, are gone.

In the beginning of March, 1898, I had a real surprise. A goodly delegation of the two Schleswig-Holsteinian Societies, the Unterstuetzungs-Verein and the Saenger-Bund, came to my house at 1107 South Ashland avenue, under the leadership of Mr. Heinrich Kaul of Forest Park and requested me to undertake the organization and carrying out of the contemplated celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Revolution of 1848 of Schleswig-Holstein. I finally accepted, but I knew what was in store for me. The first thing I did was to send out 100 postal cards calling a meeting for planning this celebration. I called that meeting at a place in the Old Staats-Zeitung building. The proprietor was a countryman of mine. But as the place proved too

small and as we wanted to hold the celebration on the North Side, we called the next meeting at the Turner Hall. I sent two barrels of beer to the hall for that meeting and thus everything was good, but we did not have the proper speakers. One was Mr. Wittmeyer, Vice-President of the Germania Maenner-Chor. I wanted to get somebody from outside. Mr. Adolph Georg, who was well known among the old 48ers, had written everywhere, but could not get an acceptance from anyone for the simple reason that the Schleswig-Holstein societies everywhere were going to celebrate the event. Only a party from Davenport, with whom I had become acquainted the year before in LaSalle at the Turner festival, was willing to come, but he was no Schleswig-Holsteiner. So we did not know what to do until a Mr. Nickelsen said that the German Consul in Chicago, Dr. Karl Buenz was a good speaker and came from Schleswig-Holstein. So I went at once with Secretary Clausen to the Consul; we had to wait for over an hour and three times he sent to inquire for what purpose we had come, and on our reply that it was a personal affair, we just had to wait till the Russian Consul, who was with him, was ready to leave. When at last we got to the Consul and explained our mission, he asked me under what flag we were going to celebrate, and when I told him under the Schleswig-Holstein blue, white and red flag and the Star Spangled Banner, which as citizens of the United States was our country's banner, and then the German black, white and red banner, he agreed to talk with us about it. We were not with him ten minutes when I was talking Plattdeutsch to him which seemed to please him very much, especially when he learned that I had been in this country for thirty years, and finally he gave us the promise that he would come to our meeting in the Turner Hall, but not before 8:30, and he was there promptly. I introduced him and everything went along nicely. He even made some suggestions. At 10 o'clock the first barrel of beer was empty and the Consul was standing on it, directing the songs of our father-

land, "Schleswig-Holstein," "Es war auf Juetland's Auen," and some others. This caused such enthusiasm that it hardly can be described. The success of the celebration was assured.

On the festal day the veterans and their friends arrived at the Turner Hall in plenty of time; they came from outside towns as well as from Chicago, even from all distances to take part in our celebration, and many even came at dinner time. The celebration was to begin at 7:30 in the evening, but the hall was overcrowded long before that time, and always new arrivals were coming. The gallery, the side halls, the stairway were overcrowded and the festival feeling and joy by old and young could not be surpassed. After the program was over, we sent a cablegram in the German language to the Empress of Germany as she had been born in Schleswig-Holstein, and also a telegram to my friend John M. Kammeron in Cincinnati, who was leading the celebration there. The answer of the Empress of Germany arrived at my home at six in the morning, which was before I had gotten home; it was our custom to carry on our celebrations till the following afternoon. Our telegram to Davenport did not receive a telegraphic reply, as the telegraph people had neglected the answer, but later on a letter of explanation came from my friend, Emil Geisler, who had low German blood in his veins, and it received a thorough Plattdeutsche answer.

In June the Singing Festival of the Northwest Saenger-Bund took place in Davenport. My dear Lena went with me, and I met Geisler in person for the first time and a true and genuine friendship originated which lasted until my friend died at a ripe old age (I believe he was eighty-eight years old) in San Diego, Cal. In the meantime I had become a member of the two Schleswig-Holstein societies. During that Singing Festival, I also became acquainted with the mayor and later member of congress, Mr. Vollmer of Davenport. We stood shoulder to shoulder in our fight against prohibition and at my request he came to Chicago and spoke at two of the great meetings called by the members of the singing societies of Chicago.

In November, 1898, when the singers here organized themselves and again formed the Vereinigten Maennerchoere (United Male Choruses) I was unanimously elected Secretary. The organization is still in existence and keeps up in good and active form. John M. Kammeron came to Chicago especially for that purpose and induced the Saenger-Bund (Singing Association) to join the choruses and take part in the coming Song Festival in Cincinnati. We went there and took along a number of the veterans of 1848, Geisler and Horstmann from outside, and a number from Chicago. The Cincinnati Schleswig-Holstein Society gave a fine banquet for us, at which Mr. Eugene Schuetz and Mr. Jung were present, also the editor of the Texas Vorwaerts who praised the affair most highly. The singers being well trained sang beautifully, and the festival was a great success, although it had to be postponed for one day as the hall was not ready at the promised time. Mr. Ad. Arnold, whose wife was born in Neumuenster, took part in the festival with us. We were there for fully eight days and were wonderfully entertained by the local countrymen, who, with the exception of the concerts, were always with us. When we got home, all were of the opinion that it was the best celebration in which we had ever taken part. The six veterans of 1848-50 repeated time and again that they never had seen such a wonderful celebration.

In the fall of 1898, the Schleswig-Holstein Saenger-Bund again held a celebration in the North Side Turner Hall, where every veteran of the Revolution of 1848-50 was made an honorary member of the society to which he belonged. I conducted the celebration and Mr. Arnold assisted me in the grandest manner. First we had a banquet. Many of the old gentlemen had never seen anything of that kind. Most of them were farmers, but there were some of our big business men among them, and all rejoiced about the recognition bestowed upon the veterans. Our celebration of the Revolution on April 24th was

the greatest and finest ever held in Schleswig-Holstein circles and on account of it our society became known almost all over the world. I do not have to state that our Consul, Dr. Carl Buenz, took just as active a part in this celebration as at the March festival. Here we started a collection for a monument on the Dusendduevel Berg (Thousand Devil Mountain), which netted about \$300.00. In the summer of 1899, Consul Buenz was transferred to New York as Consul General of the German Empire

As stated before, I became more and more crowded with society work. I was Secretary of the United Male Choruses and we called a great meeting in the Auditorium for the Boers of Africa. I had to get the hall and the speakers for that meeting, also the halls for the great concerts of our organization. Through that I came in contact with Pastor John and Father Heldmann and became intimately associated with the latter.

Then we planned a trip to Europe. My whole family and I, Emil Geisler and wife, Chas. H. Menzel and wife, and fifteen more joined us on the trip. Finally, Police Captain Schuettler joined our party.

On January 14, 1900, my mother died in consequence of a stroke. She had reached the age of seventy-two years. On the same day, the Schleswig-Holstein Gesang-Verein (Singing Society) elected me their President. Then when we started on our trip to Europe, the Schleswig-Holstein Saenger-Bund tendered us a goodbye party in a hall on Division street and Ashland avenue. Kammeron came to this party from Cincinnati. Mr. and Mrs. Geisler were here already and all the other participants in the trip were present. That everything tended to make it a most enjoyable celebration does not need to be mentioned. The brewery had sent the beer and Mr. Arnold furnished the lunch. We came home at two in the morning. On the same day we started for Europe. First we went to Wash-

ington, which city most of the party desired to visit, and then to New York, which we thoroughly looked over. We also visited my old friend August Koehler in Orange, who on the morning of our departure remembered us with a wonderful basket of flowers. To our sorrow we did not meet him on our return, as he had passed away.

While in New York my friend Consul Buenz, invited us to dinner and the evening before our departure we were entertained by the well-known restaurateur, Luchow.

The trip on the ocean was really wonderful. We especially enjoyed the evenings which none of us ever forgot. We travelled second-class, Capt. Schuettler in the first, but he spent most of his time with us. In the evening we reached Cuxhaven, but had to wait over two hours. Then we went to Hamburg by train, where we were greeted by three of my former school mates—Heinrich Schliemann, Ernst Sattler and Rudolph Flinker, and also by Mr. Hoehnerloh of Meldorf. The next morning we went to Neumuenster. The night had been spent at the home of the brother-in-law of Mr. Schliemann. We arrived in Neumuenster at one in the afternoon. All of my former schoolmates who were still among the living, bration was going on and could not restrain my tears when I was told that all this was done in my honor. Four years ago, only a very few of them were still among the living, and of the women, none. We accepted invitations from one after the other. On the first evening I went to the bowling club and here I met many old friends, also the wife of the saloon keeper, Jacob Rohwer. Both are gone now. For the many presents and tokens of friendship that I received from all the people there, I was able to show my appreciation later on, when the Rohwers had passed on and the son had lost everything and also became blind, I sent him money from here so that he was able to learn basket weaving and thus prevented him from being sent to the

poor house. Mrs. Rohwer was the daughter of a neighbor in the olden times.

Sometimes we had to call on three different people in one day. A Mr. Selk, who owned quite a lot of land and also conducted a restaurant, drove us around one day, for I had some cousins living in Armstedt and surrounding villages. In Bramstedt too, there was an old aunt, who, however, was not at home. Another old aunt was living in Bimoehlen with a married daughter, whose husband's name was Scharfer. Not one of these cousins and aunts did I find alive when I made my visit in 1925. When calling on an old aunt at Bimoehlen I sat beside her for two hours and told her stories about our life. She had not been away from her birthplace very much, had not been even in Hamburg, but she remembered me well as a small boy, for I visited her in Armstedt quite frequently.

In Wiemersdorf we stopped at a hotel, whose owner, Mr. Pingel, was billeted with us in Neumuenster as a soldier. He told me where I could find my relatives. He had a fine place and they had just had the whitsuntide celebration there. I told his wife to go and wake up her husband, but she said she would not do that for anyone. However, when I told her that I was August Lueders from Chicago it was different. My son August was playing the piano and the others were dancing when after a few minutes, I heard a commotion. It was my friend Pingel who had fallen down the stairs as his joy was so great when he saw me. Later on I visited him once more when I came to see my old aunt again.

While writing this, something comes to my mind, showing with what kind of people one may come in contact. When I was working for the West Side Brewery, I had a customer, Hohlfeld by name, who at one time had bought a place at Adams and Jefferson streets for \$8,500.00 and after a few years sold it for \$25,000.00. Then he bought a place at the corner of Harrison and Winchester avenue. He came from

Saxony and his wife from Pommerania, Prussia, from where also their barkeeper came. One morning, Hohlfeld came to my house all excited and told me that his wife had run away and that he did not know for what reason, but he knew where she was keeping herself, and asked me to go and see her as I had known her before she married Mr. Hohlfeld. She was a fine appearing, neat woman, and also very jealous. I went to her and asked her why she had run away as her husband had been really good to her, had kept servants for her and did everything that he possibly could. She replied that what I said was all very true, but that her husband was not strict with his marriage vows. I laughed about it and said I could not believe this, rather the opposite, but she told me that she had excellent proof for her assertion, having heard it from a reliable person. While talking, I remembered that quite frequently I had observed the barkeeper looking at this beautiful woman with covetous eyes. I then told her that the barkeeper had told her this to get her to leave her husband so that she would be free. Finally she admitted that this was the case, but wanted to know who had told me and at last she agreed to return to her husband, but under the condition that I should have my dear Lena accompany her, for she did not want to go back alone, also that her husband must discharge the barkeeper without delay. "He surely will do that," I said, and went to get my Lena. We both brought Mrs. Hohlfeld to her home, but she would not enter until the rascal had left the house. Mr. Hohlfeld at first was astonished that I acted so aggressively, but I explained to him that the two women were outside and would not enter until the man was gone. The barkeeper was totally crushed and asked Mr. Hohlfeld whether he should obey my command, and was answered that he had to go, although Mr. Hohlfeld at that time did not have any idea why, for I had not had a chance to explain the matter to him. After the barkeeper was gone, Mrs. Hohlfeld made coffee for us. I went out and got some cake and while en-

joying the coffee I told Mr. Hohlfeld all that had happened. I gave Mrs. Hohlfeld a piece of my mind and admonished her not to believe what every rascal would say even if it was a countryman of hers. I advised her that inasmuch as her husband did not want her to do all the housework alone and as she had lots of free time to spare, to join one or more societies for ladies, then she would have something to do and have a chance to talk with other women. She followed my advice and joined three societies and later on told me many a time that my advice had saved her. She always was under the impression that somebody had told me something about that barkeeper for otherwise I would not have known the circumstances. That she had betrayed herself, I, of course, did not tell her. That happened in 1889.

Coming back to our trip through Germany, after we had visited all our cousins and aunts, we made a trip through the country and stopped first in Luebeck, where we visited the old church, which is over 700 years old. Then we travelled all the way through Mecklenburg to the home town of my dear Lena. My brother-in-law, Chas. Freese and his wife had preceded us a few days. It was late in the evening when we arrived at Jarmen; through the foolishness of a railroad official, we had travelled all through Mecklenburg-Strelitz. The trains, of course, did not go very fast, in fact, our youngest son, August sometimes could run alongside the train while it was in motion. And en route, when the train stopped, I treated the conductor, the brakeman and the fireman in the saloon that always could be found at the stations. It was fun for me and a treat for the men.

We finally reached our destination and during the night stayed in Jarmen. Next morning we went to Bartow, the birthplace of my dear wife. We visited every house, my dear Lena and her brother walking in front, and my sister-in-law and I right behind them. The joy was great. Everywhere they said:

“You are Lena Freese ! Oh, how is that possible ? Now I can see that you resemble your father ; yes, he was a fine man.” And then they talked about olden times. My dear Lena and her brother were so hoarse in the evening that they could scarcely talk. It had been strenuous for them, and interesting for the rest of us. During the night we stayed in the saloon where beds had been prepared for us.

The next morning we went by river steamer to Anklam and after many trips to different places we arrived in Berlin and took lodging in the Hotel zur Stadt Schwerin, where we were well taken care of and which later on we recommended to many of our friends from Chicago, who were all well satisfied with the service, the meals and the comforts there. We had left our main baggage in Neumuenster, and my brother-in-law left his in Berlin so that we did not have to carry much luggage on our trip through the country. In Berlin we took round-trip tickets to Cologne and Bingen, for which we paid 79 Marks. In Cologne our railroad tickets were exchanged for tickets on the Rhine steamers, for which we had to pay three Marks. On the trip from Cologne to Bingen we became acquainted with some people who told us about the Guttenberg Celebration which was to be held the next day at Mayence. So we went by train from Bingen to Mayence (Mainz). On the streets through which the pageant was to pass, window seats were sold, from which everything could be seen. Our new friends from Cologne let our women and children have seats at the windows, while the men took a chance on seeing the pageant from the street just as we had to do. I found some boxes on which they could stand so they could see better what was going on. It was the most wonderful pageant I have ever seen. The costumes, which we could better observe, later on at the dance in the city hall, were really gorgeous. Some of them were said to have cost 2,500 Marks and even more. During the night we returned to Bingen with the conviction that we had seen and taken part in a wonderful affair.

Next morning, our friend, Mr. Graf, a wine dealer from Gensingen, called for us and we had three perfect days at his place. The following day we visited Kreuznach and in the evening we took the train for Paris, but en route had a stop over of three-quarters of an hour in Metz. The next morning at seven o'clock we arrived in Paris, took our breakfast at one of the restaurants on a boulevard near the railroad station and then went to the hotel recommended to us, which was at least five or six hundred years old; the stairways still were of building bricks. An Englishwoman was proprietor of the place; the rooms had all the modern accommodations and the table was excellent. The rent per room was five Francs per day, which on account of the exposition just taking place, was rather cheap.

Mr. Zippe, an Austrian living in Paris, had a nephew in Chicago. He took us under his leadership and showed us Paris and Versailles. We saw as much in two days as otherwise could have been seen in ten days without a guide.

In 1870, the Communists had advanced to this place, when the firemen came and extinguished the fires started by them. The windows of the place were still covered with the paper which had been used to replace the broken glass. He also told us a fine story of that time, which had happened to a friend of his who was still living. When the Communists advanced, the other citizens went into their cellars, as did his friend, but when the provisions gave out, he went upstairs to get something for himself and family and was arrested as a Communist by the soldiers from Versailles, brought to Neuilly, where he and the other prisoners had to dig their own graves. Lucky for him, General Gallifet happened to ride along in front of the prisoners; he at once saw that the man was no Frenchman and called him to step forward, asking him if he was a Frenchman. On his reply that he was Austrian and had nothing to do with the revolution, he was taken away

and after two days, when his statement was found to be correct, he was allowed to go home to his family. All the rest were shot and buried in the graves they had dug for themselves.

We also were very lucky in visiting the Exposition. We met an American jockey there, who had met with an accident during the racing. He showed us more in two days than we otherwise could have seen in two weeks. We wanted to pay him for his friendliness; he took no money but was our guest for four meals.

In looking over the exposition, we found that it could not compare with our World's Fair in Chicago in 1893, only offered more in the electrical department, but at our exposition in Buffalo in 1901 we surpassed them in that.

So after we had seen Paris to our satisfaction, we went back to Germany, stopped over for two days in Strassburg, and then proceeded to Stuttgart, so as to celebrate the Fourth of July there. We arrived there on July 3rd, just in time to take part in a meeting, which had been called by our old friend, Ernst Hummel. As soon as he saw me enter the hall, he appointed me a member of the committee to invite the local American Consul to our celebration. The affair was not such a simple one. The wife of the consul just had five o'clock tea and she confided to me that her husband was still suffering from a headache contracted the preceding evening. I, however, told her that that would not be accepted as an excuse, for we expected to see both of them at the celebration, at which undoubtedly some 400 Americans would take part, and that we would permit her to make a speech in place of her husband—but that he had to be there. They were there, sat right next to us; the celebration was a great success. The speeches and toasts were fine and it was three in the morning when the banquet, and to our sorrow, the wine also, were things of the past.

We did not see much of Stuttgart, because it was raining continuously. In the evening we were at the theater, and saw "Die schoene Galatee" (The Beautiful Galatee). On the morning of July 6th, we went to Munich, where some friends were waiting for us. We saw the city thoroughly, and perchance met there Carl Meier and his sister, and several of his other relatives, also Mr. Gauss of the Public Library of Chicago. We were in the head of the Bavaria Statue, where my dear Lena danced a waltz with our son August, after the tune of "In Lauterbach hab' ich mein Strumpf verlorn" (In Lauterbach My Stockings I Lost). When climbing down, August Knorr got stuck in the neck of the statue and we had to pull hard to get him free. We were there six days. Then we went to Nuernberg, where we remained two days and also visited the "Bratwurstgloecklein", which celebrated its five-hundredth anniversary. We took the plate, from which we ate, along for which we paid one Mark. I still have mine in my possession. In 1925 we again were there and the proprietress made me a present of the tin-plate, which they had in use in 1866, when I told her that I was well acquainted with John Hetzel of Chicago. The year was stamped into the plate. We had it fixed up here in Chicago as it was somewhat bent and we use it at small affairs which we celebrate.

From Nuernberg we went to Leipzig. There we were in the Highest Tribunal of the German Empire and against a tip of one Mark my dear Lena was allowed to occupy the seat of the highest judge for a few minutes. We also visited the battle-field of 1813 and there saw the work as it was proceeding for the monument. We went to the theater one evening. We found the Saxon policemen more polite than the Berlin policemen. From there we went to Dresden and two evenings we took our supper on the Bruehl's Terrace. There we met the sister of one of my best customers and her husband acted as our guide.

Then back to Berlin. There the news reached us that we should quickly return to Bartow as the aunt of my dear Lena, Mrs. Freese, had had a stroke. She wanted to leave for Chicago with my brother-in-law and his wife and a Mr. and Mrs. Nietering on the 22nd of July. We stayed in Berlin for five more days and with our sons and Helen Schliemann, whom we had met there, went back to Neumuenster. During those five days we had seen a lot of Berlin, also the Wach-Parade on Sunday, which is celebrated especially on account of the music. We also met Mr. and Mrs. Sachan from Chicago in Berlin, who had arrived at the hotel in the afternoon.

We then went to Bartow to our aunt, who was greatly pleased when she saw us as I had promised her that I would see to it that she could go home. How much justified the aunt was in her surmise that possibly she would have some difficulty was shown when we brought her to the boat. The small tender left Hamburg on Sunday for Cuxhaven. A cousin of mine, living in Altona, had furnished a platform wagon to bring the aunt to the boat, because she had to lay in a roll-chair and could not travel in a cab. Arriving at the landing place, we lifted her from the wagon and I went to see how we could get her on board. When I returned, I found the two women in tears. An impertinent fellow, who claimed to be a physician of the royal-imperial Hamburg Steamship Company with a capital of sixty million Marks, proudly tried to show himself off and declared that the aunt could not leave on that boat. I told him that he was a windbag and a puffed up piece of cattle that called himself a doctor; that he was too dull and stupid for me to talk to; and I applied a few more titles to him which were even less flattering, and declared that the woman had no infectious disease and would go with the designated steamer. Three policemen were standing near by and heard everything I said, as I spoke quite loudly enough so that no word was lost. A man in the office near by heard it

and came out and wanted to know what it was all about. I explained to him that the lady, my aunt, had to go with that boat, that she was not sick with an infectious disease, and when the man heard that she was going in the second cabin, everything was all right. We carried her on to the deck of the steamer. Among the emigrants there was a young man, a relative of my dear Lena, who however, did not have his right papers, but who had helped us to bring our aunt on to the boat. We left him there and I later on brought his baggage on deck. I then found that he got on all right without papers, but the Nieterings had no papers and the officers objected to them going. I, of course, had my papers, but never had to use them. Mr. Nietering called on me to come and help him. So I asked the officers what they really wanted, as the man was no German but a Hollander and only his wife came from Hannover. Thereupon the officials asked me if I knew him and I stated that he came from Chicago just as well as I. Then they let him pass. But I thought: How does it come that these people know me, when they have never seen me before. However, they had seen and also heard me when I pounded that foolish doctor.

After the steamer had started on its way, I asked someone to show me a good place where I could get a nice glass of cool beer. That they did and we all quenched our thirst and when we got ready to return to Neumuenster, we met my cousin August Seligmann, teacher in a village in the Probstei, the richest part of Holstein. He went with us to Neumuenster and later travelled around with us in Holstein as he had his vacation at that time. His mother was still living in Reher with a brother, and another sister. A few days after we returned to Neumuenster, we met Wm. Gorges, who also made his home in America and had come for a visit. He induced us to visit his brothers. We spent three days in Copenhagen and there saw quite a lot of interesting things, especially the Thorwaldsen

and some other museums, which really are worth while visiting. We also went to the Tivoli, a pleasure garden, known all over Europe. Our Riverview Park is an imitation of it. My cousin August, his sister and August Knorr were with us.

Then we went back to Neumuenster, where Geisler and Chas. Menzel came to meet us. We visited the low German poet, Johann Meyer. Geisler knew him as he and Meyer had been classmates in the gymnasium and were the only surviving members of that class. Mr. Meyer asked me if I still was able to talk "low German," which of course I could, as I still was able to write it in some way. Now while the two old fellows were talking to each other, I had a pleasant conversation with the daughters, Anna and Bertha. The latter is now married to a sculptor, Heinrich Missfeldt by name, born in Kiel. I asked for permission to send them a few American postal cards and also to add a few words in Plattdeutsch. This correspondence was carried on. From cards it developed into letters, which were still sent up to 1925, that is, I corresponded with Mrs. Missfeldt. I called on her again in 1925.

Then Geisler, Menzel and I went to Meldorf, the birthplace of Menzel. There we met Mr. and Mrs. Hoehnerloh. He was tax collector for North and South Ditmarsch. His wages as such amounted to only 4000 marks per year, but he also received an allowance for housing. At Meldorf we visited the Dusend-duvelsberg (Thousand Devils Mountain), the historical museum there which is of great interest. I was in the house where Architect Heinrich Sierks lived; he was well known in Chicago. Mr. Menzel hunted for the house in which he was born; it was no longer in existence, but in its place was a beautiful apothecary shop, which I found by inquiry. We also made a trip to Reher, and visited the aunt living there. I helped my young cousin to bring in the rye, which surprised the people there very much. Evenings in the tavern I told the farmers about our good harvesting machinery, of which they had heard. I advised them to

get one, as one machine was sufficient for three farmers. The salesmen would teach them how to use the machines and they would not need help, which was hard to get. They said they would think about it during the winter.

My young cousin in Reher had to attend to some business in the tax office at Itzehoe. Knorr and I therefore took advantage of the opportunity to go along. This gave me a chance to visit teacher Niemann. When the two cousins wanted to go to the tax office, a fellow student of my cousin drove around the corner. I was introduced to him. During the conversation he bragged that he could drink more wine than anyone else. I sent my Lena with Knorr to teacher Niemann and I took that fellow in hand. When my cousin came back from the tax office, the tavernkeeper led him into the room and laughingly pointed to the friend of cousin August. He was leaning comfortably in an upholstered chair asleep, and nobody could wake him up. The tavern-keeper said: "August, your American cousin has fixed him profoundly." We let him sleep in peace and then went to teacher Niemann, where a fine dinner was waiting for us. We then looked around Itzehoe for a while and in the evening returned to Reher.

Next morning we again went to Neumuenster. Geisler and Menzel had gone to Hamburg. After dinner we made some more trips to the neighboring villages and also took part in the gentlemen's bird shoot. This gentlemen's bird shoot had taken place when we first came to Neumuenster. Captain Schuettler, with Hans Jensen, who previously had gone to his birthplace, Flensburg, had made a trip to Copenhagen and on the return trip had stopped off in Neumuenster to visit with us. My dear Lena and I were on the point of going to Hamburg, when the two arrived. So we did not go at that time. The first question Captain Schuettler asked was: "Don't you have a Ratskeller here?" Of course we had one, and everybody joined in the march to that place—four women and four men. My

cousin from Costa Rica also was with us. In the Ratskeller the talking and the stories about our experiences began. The topic took in everything, also the citizen's ball, which was to be held the same evening. Captain Schuettler expressed his desire to go there, but admission was by invitation only, and to get one was not an easy matter. I knew the King of the Shooting Club, whose parents formerly had been our neighbors. I sent Captain Schuettler with an old schoolmate to her house to have a good rest in order to be ready for the grand affair, for the ball was to start with a banquet at 6 o'clock, and was to last four hours. The King of the Shooting Club could not give me an invitation, but he sent me to the Secretary, who had been a friend of my father and had known me as a boy. Well and good, he sent an equipage to our house about half past five and we were introduced as guests from America. I have to admit that the entertainment and everything that was offered us nearly took our breath away. It was superb. For the meal, for which only 4 marks per person was charged, we had to force the payment upon them. Schuettler and I had ordered Moselle of the best quality, and champagne, but the waiters said they had not received any orders from us and even refused to accept a tip. Who paid for our wine I do not know. Afterwards the dancing began and lasted till 4 in the morning, whereupon coffee and cake were served. In the meantime, there were speeches and speeches. At 6 o'clock we went home. Then at noon, all of us went to Hamburg and promised Schuettler to meet him in Berlin, which we did; we were there together for two days, but did not stay in the same hotel. He then went to Paris and from there wrote me that he needed \$150. I had plenty of money on hand as I had not given it out so promiscuously as Schuettler had done, and so I could let him have the money, which he returned with thanks as soon as we returned to Chicago.

Now my birthday was approaching. From my friend Graf in Gemmingen I had ordered 50 liters of wine, which he sent to

Neumuenster. Our travel colleagues, Geisler, Menzel and Knorr, also came and many of my old schoolmates met there for the occasion. Mrs. Rohwer on the evening before the event treated us with coffee and a delicate punch and the preliminary celebration speeded along nicely. Of course quite a lot of wine was consumed. Then on the 25th, we went to Hamburg.

My friend Rohwer, husband of Gretchen Braker, made me a present of a medallion, which is still attached to the watch chain which my son now carries as a present from me. At the railway station many of my old schoolmates and relatives were assembled; most of them went with us to Hamburg to bid us good-bye.

The return trip on the steamer was not as nice as the trip to Germany. It was rather stormy weather and the women were seasick most of the time. I, myself, never was seasick and had some very interesting hours with the ship's officers. Sixteen days later, on a Sunday afternoon, we arrived safely in Chicago, where a crowd of friends were awaiting us at the station. The Schleswig-Holstein Singing Society was there in full. We were glad to be home again, but with the feeling that we had a wonderful trip with many experiences to relate.

At home I had to get back into the harness. I had to tell my customers the whole story of the trip, and as Secretary of the Vereinigte Maennerchoere much work was awaiting me; one duty was to arrange the excursion to the Buffalo Singing Festival. The exposition took place there at the same time and so many members of the Saenger-Bund (Singing Association) joined us who wanted to see the exposition. Two days before our departure, 37 persons had sent in their reservations; when the time for the leaving of the train came, there were 67 of the Saenger Bund alone.

In the previous winter, Messrs. Manz, Kaeding and myself as a committee had gone there to reserve quarters for the different societies. We were well received by the local committee, of which the Mayor of Buffalo, a German, was a member. The

committee had made great plans and we were afraid that old Mr. Manz would not be able to stand the strenuous entertaining. However, he stood it as well as anyone. Finally we were alone in a saloon, where the proprietor informed us that we could eat and drink everything to our hearts' content and that the Mayor would foot the bill. We made it as easy as possible and had coffee most of the time. The next day we visited Niagara Falls from which the freezing of the spray in winter produces a wonderful sight.

There also we had adventure. A spectacled lady teacher, who did not accept my advice, climbed an ice mountain, succeeding in half way ascending it, when a gust of wind driving a surf spray from the waters of the Falls before it, caught her. The wind caught the umbrella and her skirts and lifted them above her head. I ran to her—pulled down her skirts and rushed her out of the spraying waters. The umbrella had become useless. We then sent her to her hotel in a cab.

In the following summer during the time of the Singing Festival, the members and ladies of the Schleswig-Holstein Saenger-Bund again had wonderful times there in Buffalo. After they had seen the exposition, they visited Niagara Falls under my guidance. Then we made a round trip to Toronto. So we saw both sides of the Falls and also were on the Suspension Bridge, which is the first one ever built. The second is in Cincinnati and the other one in Brooklyn. The exposition in Buffalo was mostly one of electrical machinery and lamps. The progress since 1893 in this field was a marvelous one. We had a real good time, and all, including the veterans, were very well satisfied.

As Secretary I also was very busy with the arrangements for the Singing Festival in St. Louis. That also was a great success. We had some difficulties on the trip to St. Louis on account of the flood of the Mississippi. Some members of our societies who went with the Alton Railroad could get to Alton only. Then we were transported by boat, but arrived two hours earlier

than the societies who had traveled over the Wabash Road. This celebration was not as nice as the ones of 1889 and 1901.

On August 24 I became 50 years of age and celebrated the day in the Wisconsin Dells. My dear Lena, Mr. H. Zoelck and his wife and my sister were there with me and we remained for several days. The Dells at that time were more beautiful than they are today. They have been spoiled greatly by artificial improvements and dams.

During the fall I received a letter from the poet Johann Meyer, asking why I had not written him of the event as he would have sent me a poem for the occasion. I thanked him and told him in good Plattdeutsch that if he still had such a high opinion of me that he could send us a sample of his poetry for our Silver Wedding, which we expected to celebrate the coming year. He did so and I will speak of this poem later on.

A story of religious intolerance, of which I became cognizant, I will also incorporate here. In the late fall of 1897 one afternoon about 6 o'clock I was in the place of my friend, F. Rohde, when three men came in crying. Mr. Rohde, who knew them, advised them to talk to me. A man had carried on a small foundry for about 32 years at the corner of Sangamon and Henry streets, which, however, on account of the hard times, had not prospered well. And as times grew harder, he became so discouraged that finally he committed suicide by shooting himself. He had been a member of the Emmanuel Church, where Pastor Hoelter dispensed religion. The two men, relatives of the unfortunate fellow, went to Pastor Hoelter and asked him to visit the widow and comfort her. But he refused point blank, saying that he would not go to the home of a suicide. However, his conscience had allowed him to take the man's money all these years. Shortly before that time I became acquainted, during a funeral, with Pastor Heinemann, who conducted a church on Hastings street. I sent the men with a card to him. He had a human heart in him and went to visit the widow and also later helped to conduct the funeral.

In the Saloonkeepers' Association I was treasurer for three years. When I took over the office, the treasury was almost empty, but when I turned it over to my successor, I was able to deliver to him more than \$1,500. For that my dear Lena was presented with three valuable silver vases.

In 1907 I took part in the excursion to Cuba of the Democratic Club of Cook County. From Chicago we traveled through Tennessee to Chattanooga, and there we inspected the battlefields of the Civil War. Then we went to Augusta, Georgia, and also to Savannah, where we were received by the Mayor and City Council. But as it was Saturday, we had to leave the city before midnight, going by Orlando, Florida, to reach Palm Beach before evening. There we had our supper in a hotel, and later on had our drinks in the drug store, the only place where they could be obtained. During the night we continued on our way in a special train and each member of the party had a berth in a Pullman. Next morning we arrived in Miami, where we had breakfast, then marched through the city. About 1 o'clock we left by steamer for Key West, arriving there about 10 o'clock that night. After we transferred our baggage to the steamer on which we were to leave for Havana, at 3 o'clock in the morning, we took a street car ride into the country. The conductor promised to have us back in ample time. After a short ride, the car stopped in front of a place where a ball was in progress. The hall was almost entirely open on all sides. I entered and asked in German whether anyone present could speak German. At once two gentlemen came to me and asked if we belonged to the delegation from Chicago, which was being expected. On our affirmation, we were asked if we would like to dance. I accepted and enjoyed three or four dances. The last one was a Virginia Reel. We returned on the same street car. We loafed a little longer in Key West and became acquainted with an attorney from Chicago, who also was an officer in the militia. He had per force settled the cigar makers' strike there.

by having the officers and walking delegates deported so they could not return.

Promptly at 3 o'clock in the morning our boat left port and at 9 o'clock we arrived at Havana. The excursion had been arranged by Robert Burke (Bobbie Burke), who was better than his name. He had a more notable character than the reformers, by whom he was condemned. The landing from the boat went along nicely and within a few minutes we marched to our hotel, our band preceding us. In the afternoon we were received by the President of the Republic and treated to cigars and a wonderful punch. We were welcomed with an address in our language, to which Thomas Gallagher, our Representative in Congress, answered. Thereupon, with our band preceding us, we marched through the streets of the city, which are of old Spanish style, but are really kept clean. The main street is but 18 feet wide and is called O'Reilley street. We also marched to the old fort, which had been built by the Spanish in 1518. In the main part of the fort, the Spaniards had their captured Cuban revolutionists shot to death; the bodies were just simply thrown over the ramparts into the sea and thus served as food to the numerous sharks. We were also shown a room, wherein the Spanish General Weyler had ordered more than 100 prisoners incarcerated. The air was so foul in there that on the following morning only three of the entire number were still alive. One of the three was city engineer of the City of Havana at the time we were there. From that room, a hole in a leaning direction went to the bay, and those who had suffocated in the room were shoved into the water through the opening.

In the harbor lay our old warship the "Maine," which had been blown up but never salvaged. It was salvaged later on and dragged away, but never arrived at one of our ports, having been lost en route. Thus was revived the suspicion that the ship was blown up by an internal explosion and not

from the outside and that the whole affair was to be blamed upon our negligence.

We gave Havana a thorough inspection. On the first evening of our stay, at about 11 o'clock, I observed a gentleman behind my friend Kruse, who cried out in Plattdeutsch "George, come hither, the stores are all closed." The gentleman remarked that these were old home sounds. He proved to be a man from Altona, Holstein. His father had lived in Seeberg. I told him that I came from Neumuenster, and our friendship began. His name was Buelle. We were together until 2:30, in the portico of the opera house, and consumed Cuban punch. He was an American who had come to Havana during the war and had married a Mexican woman, who, however, had learned to talk German. Next day we were his guests. During the forenoon he took us to a place known as "Duos Mondres" (the two moons). Many Germans were there, who resided in Havana, and partook of their beer, although they mostly imbibed in Cuban cocktails. I never learned how they were concocted, but undoubtedly they contained a lot of red wine. We were received as countrymen. We intended to treat the people present, and twice I ordered something, but was not permitted to pay. We were told that we were guests. We could order as much as we wanted, but they would not allow us to pay. After a few pleasant hours we went with our friend Buelle to his home, where we found a fine meal awaiting us. His Mexican wife was an excellent cook. He told me that after he married her he took her with him to Germany, where they remained for two years. She had learned the art of cooking from his mother.

He had come to Havana with the American Army, as he was an American citizen, and had helped to install the Revenue service there. Now he was carrying on an importing business and also had a soap factory. Furthermore, he was agent for the Pinkertons, who at that time had their main office in Chicago. He has long since gone the road from whence there is no return.

During our stay he entertained us every day and when one day he could not go with us, he sent one of his clerks to show us that he would prefer to talk German with us if it was agree-whom we spoke English. Our surprise was great when he told us around. The clerk was a Cuban of Spanish extraction, with able to us. Of course that suited us nicely.

While inspecting the old Fort I noticed the old bronze cannons which our army had captured, were muzzle loaders, thus of no value at the present time except as relics. These old cannons were manufactured at the city of Glueckstadt in Holstein. I did not know this, but a friend of mine here in Chicago explained to me that such a factory had existed there during several centuries.

On the fifth morning we started for home. Our friend Buelle took us to the boat and we thanked him heartily for the friendship which he had shown us during our stay. Thus it again happened that my beloved Plattdeutsch had done so much good for us.

About 20 minutes after we left the harbor the boat turned back. The Captain had discovered two fellows who had smuggled themselves onto the boat and whom he could not deliver on American soil on account of their known character. They were deposited on terra firma and after a trip of six hours we again arrived at Key West at four in the afternoon. When we arrived there, the officials placed me at a point where all passengers had to pass. They told me that as I was hale and hearty, I should point out to them the members of our party who did not need medical examination. There were not many passengers on the boat besides the 140 members of our excursion. After all had passed, I asked the gentlemen how they knew me, and they informed me they were the five who had taken part in the Virginia Reel at that open ball. It was the physician, the captain and other officers of the line, who now were in uniform, while

on that evening they were dressed in white, and therefore I did not recognize them at first.

Now the trip again turned to the north. We stopped at St. Augustine, which really was the first place settled in Florida by Europeans. These were Spaniards, who in 1536 built the fort now still standing. I also visited the jail there. The entrance was not 4 feet high. On the walls one could still find the chains to which the prisoners were locked to suffer in their confinement. St. Augustine also has wonderful hotels built in a half Spanish and half American style. There we also saw an alligator 20 feet long, chained to a block so that it could do no harm. We had been in Augusta on our outbound trip. There we had seen the large auction stone on which slaves had been sold. Then we went to Atlanta, where we were received by the Governor. In his house we feasted on roast chicken and Scotch highballs, the first I had ever tasted. We were personally served by the ladies of the town. Then we went to Nashville, Tennessee, where I bought some bottles of real moonshine for my friends Harris, Rohde and Sweeney. I had to pay 75 cents per bottle and I got them through a newspaper reporter and policeman. The stuff was much better than that which we now get under that name in our city. The next morning we stopped for two hours in Evansville, Indiana, and in the evening we arrived in Chicago. At the station my dear Lena and Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Arnold were waiting for me. For Mr. Arnold I had brought along 25 cigars, a very fine brand. More I could not get through. In Havana I paid \$6 for the 25; here I would have had to pay more than double that amount.

Much had slipped my mind, which now comes back to me. As for instance: When we went to Germany, a large picture of the veterans of 1848 to 1850, taken at the south entrance of our Public Library, also an album with more than 100 photographs of these old gentlemen and description in which battalion they had served, was handed me with instructions to deposit

them in the memorial hall at the anniversary of the battle at Idstedt. Menzel, Geisler and many other veterans accompanied me there. I carried out my instructions, but cannot report much of the rest of the celebration except that I had to do my utmost to prevent the old gentlemen from being overlooked and slighted by the committee in charge. There were no veterans on the committee, but officials only. That made me, as well as old Mr. Geisler, feel discouraged, so that we left right after the close of the official celebration. We previously had seen the memorial hall. We returned to Neumuenster at once, where Mr. Geisler and I were elected honorary members of the Neumuenster Veterans Society. The following year I was elected honorary member of the Davenport Veterans Society and a few years after that the Schleswig-Holstein Verein of Cincinnati conferred the same honor on me. That was a wonderful celebration. The local German Consul and two other gentlemen were honored in the same manner. A year or two later the German Day was celebrated in Cincinnati and my dear Lena and I were especially invited. Old Mr. Rapp of the Staatszeitung delivered the principal address. In the evening parade my friend Kammeron, as President of the celebration, rode horseback following the band, accompanied by the Mayor and his assistant. I had been requested to ride with them, but preferred to ride after the trio with Mrs. Kammeron and my dear Lena in a carriage. After the parade was over, Mr. Kammeron could hardly walk because he was not used to riding horseback. But I with the two women continued to celebrate until 2 in the morning. When we came home, we found friend Kammeron in bed and even on the following morning he was stiff and lame from riding horseback. Now the Singing Festival in St. Louis came on. We also had a good time there. We finally got there by boat, but later returned home over the Alton Road. Senator Schweigart of St. Louis was our host and he also showed us around.

And now our honor celebration, our Silver Wedding Day, was

approaching. The celebration took place on September 12, 1904, in the old Workingmen's Hall, corner Twelfth and Waller streets. In the spring I received a letter from the poet Johann Meyer, asking for personal data as he wanted to dedicate a poem to me. He really sent me two.

Also Mr. E. F. L. Gauss, member of the Schwaben-Verein, sent one accompanying a gift of \$100 from the Schwaben-Verein for the monument of Johann Meyer in his native city. That sum was appropriated on my suggestion and Mr. Gauss dedicated the poem.

Although Mr. Gauss was a Suabian, he was able to write the poem in rather good Plattdeutsch.

Also Dr. Joh. Heinemann of Hamburg, who later on edited the complete works of Johann Meyer, sent a poem.

A letter from Johann Meyer, accompanying the poems, written in Plattdeutsch, reads translated as follows:

"My dear Mr. and Mrs. Lueders:

"Just a letter of congratulation for your silver wedding celebration. Even though I do not write it myself as I have to take care of my eyesight and the writing is hard on me, I have dictated the letter and the words came from the depth of my heart. Again my heartiest good wishes for your celebration. May our Good Lord bless you both with continued good health and much luck and happiness for the coming 25 years until the wonderful day will come when you both will shine in golden flowers and crowns; and may the Lord also bless your two dear children and let them become something fine and good. And in spirit I press the hands of both of you heartily and drink a glass full to its brim to the happy silver bride and bridegroom in Chicago.

"Your Johann Meyer."

The two poems are in his own handwriting. I still have the letters.

Our dear friend, the old veteran Emil Geisler of Davenport also dedicated a poem to us, which is mentioned in the poem of Dr. Heinemann of Hamburg. Through it we were at that time induced to treat the Consul, Dr. Carl Buenz, with a native dish: Schwarzsauer.

For the celebration, the committee had reserved the Social Workers' Hall, corner Twelfth and Waller streets, and as I was a member, the hall was furnished free. Another friend and countryman, the florist Hilmers, decorated the hall and the entrance. Judge Max Eberhardt acted as principal speaker and toastmaster and also gave the oration to our silver wedding. Furthermore, Messrs. Herm. Pomy, Phillip Maas, Ad. Arnold and M. R. Harris spoke. Mr. Coffee John had furnished the meal, which was highly praised by all. The celebration lasted till five in the morning. Captain Schuettler was there up to that hour. Two hundred fifty bottles of self-imported wine, five barrels of beer and fifty bottles of selzer waters were consumed. Present were delegations from Lessing Lodge, No. 557, A. F. and A. M., of the Saloonkeepers Societies, and many others, all told over 200 persons. Musicmaster Kretlow, who also had played at our wedding, furnished the table music and for the dance at our Silver Wedding. The saloonkeeper of the place later told me that after 12 o'clock he had taken in from our guests \$92, although we had enough refreshments in the hall. He thought that such celebrations were something pleasing to all.

From the hall we went home at five in the morning and continued there with the celebration till 11 o'clock in the forenoon, before our last guests left. We were highly honored with presents from our friends; we received the most gorgeous silverware, whole sets of all kinds. Even from Europe and from Costa Rica we received presents. That celebration was the most wonderful which was ever given in our honor and the participants still living always remind us that they never had taken part in a more glorious celebration. Everything was as

had been expected and the only thing that I can complain of is that the Customs Officials here did not treat us so nicely. For the presents received from Europe and Costa Rica I had to pay as duty more than they would have cost me here in the most expensive store.

My old friend George H. von Massow was reporter of the Illinois Staats-Zeitung and that newspaper published almost a whole page of our celebration. The Abendpost next evening published half a page, and even the Examiner gave us a few columns, so that we surely can be satisfied with the honor that was given us.

Next summer, as delegate to the Bottlers' Association, I went to their convention in New York. The meetings were held at Coney Island. Of course, my dear Lena accompanied me. At the dance in connection with the banquet I danced the galop twice with Mrs. Pomy, 60 years old and still living. The hall was 500 feet long. There in New York I also met one of my old schoolmates, Heinrich F. Dabelstein. As school boys we committed many antics. Of course, we were very glad to meet again and kept up our visits until his death some six years ago. He was a highly respected decorator and left a very well established and progressive business to his two sons. Our son, the Doctor, visited him frequently when he was at Camp Dix during the war.

In 1906 we were at the Bottlers' Convention in Atlanta. Our friend John Ohlweiler, who was a veteran of the Civil War, while inspecting a negro hut on the battlefield in which he spent a night during the war, discovered us there. In 1907, when we returned from the Conclave of the Knights Templar at Saratoga, we also visited the exposition at Jamestown. It was not a big affair, but very interesting. In 1908, the Shriners of North America and Canada had a convention in St. Paul, which lasted an entire week. An excursion through Yellowstone Park was made in connection with it and we toured Yellowstone Park

from end to end. We had good wine in all the different hotels. We returned by way of Salt Lake City, where we listened to a concert of the celebrated organ in the Tabernacle. During the concert nobody was permitted to rise or leave the hall, which had previously been locked. Then we boarded the Rio Grande Railway. After a trip through town in the afternoon, several of us visited the brewery in Salt Lake City, where we feasted princely. On the way home we stayed for two days in Colorado Springs, and on another day we went up Pike's Peak. The next day we visited the silver mines there. In Colorado Springs we could get wine and beer in the drug stores only.

On that trip we became acquainted with the present Mayor of Philadelphia, and I called on him several times on my visits in that city. He is a fine, noble character, which he has proved as an official of the Town of Brotherly Love. First he was city Treasurer and is now Mayor for the second time. The reformers wanted to drive him out of office because he did not want to follow their dictates.

After our return to Chicago, I took the whole crowd to Hinky Dink's place at noontime and showed them how he fed the multitude there and what a large and good glass of beer he furnished for 5 cents. It could not be any better. One also could see at the first glance how orderly everything was going on there. Later, at another place, I introduced my people to Michael McKenna (Hinky Dink).

I here wish to add that on our outward trip we took three barrels of beer with us to Denver. It was bottle beer. We received it from the local brewer, Mr. Milbrandt, a brother member of Lessing Lodge. He wanted to give us more, but every barrel contained 144 bottles, so we had plenty for all of us. On the trip through Yellowstone Park we always were together in one wagon and the trip was wonderful. The entire afternoon was spent in the park and in the evening a dance was arranged. At

the upper part of the park there is the Mammoth Geyser, which only a few people get to see as it appears once every 8 or 10 days. There also the Terrace Geysers are located and they are always active. They consist of three terraces and one is led to believe that they have been created by the hands of an artist, so evenly are they formed. From below not much is to be seen, only the hot water running off. From above, however, it is a grand view. We were cautioned in advance to be careful. Enough warning signs are placed and also wires are stretched there to show how far one may go to be protected against the hot vapors and the hot water that is thrown up. At many places, however, the wires are trodden down by the visitors and a few weeks before our visit it happened that a spectacled school ma'am went up all by herself. While she was up there the geysers suddenly became active and she was bewildered by the hot vapors and hot water streams. If she had remained quietly at the place, nothing would have happened, but she began running and losing her direction ran directly into the geysers, having been blinded by the hot vapors and the steaming waters. Before anyone could reach her in answer to her cries for help, the lower part of her body was almost cooked and so she paid with her life for her recklessness.

One of our lady companions had gone up with a Mr. Jackson, who owns a number of warehouses in Chicago, to take another look at the geysers. When the vapors came up and the hot water was thrown up, she fainted where she was standing. Luckily nothing else happened to her, but Mr. Jackson had to bring her down. On his signal, a wagon came up, in which she was brought back to the hotel. We gave both of them a hearty laugh. They have been married for some time and live happily together in River Forest. That reminds me of a similar incident at a visit to Niagara Falls, where my friend Kaeding and I saved a school ma'am from the rising icy spray. But that story I have told before.

As previously said, we listened to the celebrated organ concert at the Tabernacle in Salt Lake City. The acoustics in that hall are so fine that if someone should drop a gold piece, the sound of the fall could be heard all over the hall. The concert was wonderful. The hall has a seating capacity for 10,000 people. We were not admitted to the Temple itself as only Mormons can enter there.

The trip home was made over the Tennessee Pass. Four big engines were required to pull our train up as it is 10,200 feet above the sea level. The train stopped there for half an hour. On the further trip we had only one engine to pull the train. A negro, who rode on the beams of a passenger train the whole night, was discovered and pulled out. We made a collection for him and Brother Millbrandt gave him a good talking to, telling him that he surely would be killed if he ever tried such a trick again.

The trip along the Rio Grande was wonderful and the views on both sides of the river great, as Brother Millbrandt stated. Otherwise we had no further adventures and arrived safely home after a six days' trip.

Next year we again traveled, this time with our neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Diener, to the exposition in Seattle. We went via St. Paul and from there in a northerly direction into Canada. At Moosejaw we made connections with the Canadian Pacific Railroad. In Moosejaw the train waited for half an hour. Listening to the dialect of the people there, we pretty near came to believe that we were in Scotland. From there we went in a westerly direction and the next morning arrived at Banff, where we stopped for a day. In the Canadian Rockies the scenery is very fine. There was one mountain only about 200 feet lower than the Jungfrau in Switzerland. It was possible to get up rather high with a carriage. We saw a herd of buffalo, 92 animals in all. Also visited a lake there, 12 miles away from Banff, 10 miles long and approachable only at three places, which are

rather narrow. There one hears the stones rolling from the mountains and falling into the lake. Some timid people, who always are found on such excursions, were afraid that the falling stones might hurt the boat.

At Banff, there is also a hard coal mine and a river the waters of which come straight down from the mountains, pretty near like a waterfall. Next morning we left. We also passed the Glacier Mountain, where the ice nearly reaches the railroad tracks. The trip through the Canadian Rockies and through British Columbia is especially interesting as even on the 19th of July one could continually see the snow on the mountains and that was so till we almost reached the city of Vancouver. There we arrived at 7 in the morning. From that city we did not see very much. A lady companion had meanwhile been thrust upon me, a Miss Sanders, the daughter of a man from Neumuenster, who foolishly did not want to take the boatripe with us to Seattle. Her father had put her in my care. At 9 o'clock the steamer sailed. There were somewhere near 2,000 passengers on the boat for Victoria, British Columbia. We arrived at Vancouver Island at 12 o'clock. There we were told that we could go on land for about three hours, which we did. On the time table two hours were mentioned. But the Englishmen surely figured that the passengers would spend more money in three hours than in two. After looking at the town, we took a street car into the country. I had as a neighbor on that trip a lady who was very talkative. According to her dialect, we judged that she had come from the Green Isle hardly more than three or four weeks, and I was much astonished when she told me that she was born right there in British Columbia. She told us much about the country. At 3 o'clock we were off down the Puget Sound to Seattle, where we arrived at 9 o'clock at night, and were greeted by my former schoolmate Johannes Bartram, and one of his married sisters, a Mrs. Schmidt, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Dose, my brother Willy and his wife and some more

countrymen. Then we went to a fine hotel. The brother-in-law of my friend Bartram had taken care of our luggage and arranged for a stopping place for Mr. and Mrs. Diener. They also came to the place where we were and we had a nice party till 12 at night. In Seattle we stayed ten days, made quite a number of trips into the country, and visited the United States Ship Yards. We also made a trip to Tacoma. Everywhere one could or rather had to notice the most gorgeous advertising and recommendations like "Watch Tacoma Grow."

Coming from the exposition at Seattle, we again came through Salt Lake City, where we were received by the Superintendent of the brewery, who used to be employed with me at the West-side Brewery in Chicago. We were treated to a meal of wonderful mountain trout. From there we took the same railroad route we traveled when coming from the Shriners' convention one year before and went over Tennessee Pass, 10,200 feet high, to Manitou, where we visited with a relative of the wife of Dr. Stoll. At Manitou I bought a wonderful rug for \$75.00 from one of the Shriners from Constantinople, which today is still in our possession. My daughter-in-law had it cleaned here in LaGrange by a Turkish rug dealer. She was anxious to know what the rug was worth and was informed that even today, after all these years, it had a value of \$250.00, as it was a genuine Turkish rug.

In the fall of that year, Lessing Lodge No. 557, A. F. & A. M., decided to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the lodge in a magnificent manner and the following committee was appointed for that purpose: Past-Masters: Philip Maas, Wm. Heinemann, Franz Amberg, Adolph Arnold, F. M. Clettenberg, Anton B. Kostock, John Heinsen, Daniel Hoerr, Hugo Voight, Joseph Stein and Henry Bernahl, and Brothers F. H. Oswald, Chr. Mattison, Dr. Carl Bertschinger, Louis Kretlow and myself. After the first meeting of the committee, at which I acted as secretary on the motion of Past Masters Maas, Heinemann

and Arnold, I was elected secretary for the Jubilee with full power to act, namely, that everything that I approved, should be accepted and carried out. I succeeded in inducing Dr. Johann Heinemann to write a prologue for the celebration, also I was instructed to prepare a complete history of the lodge, which was not an easy task as the minutes of the lodge meetings did not contain much information and thus I had to depend greatly on my memory as I had been a member of the lodge since 1876.

In 1914, Judge Thos. F. Scully became a candidate for the office of County Judge and on suggestion of Judge Rafferty I took over the management of the campaign, which I carried out to the complete satisfaction of all concerned, as Judge Scully was successful in the primary as well as the regular election. I succeeded in collecting a large amount of money for that purpose and, as a reward for my services I was appointed a member of the Board of Election Commissioners, and elected President of that body ten days afterwards. I held that position up to December, 1920, but was not reappointed although Judge Righheimer, elected at that time, had promised me the reappointment. My dear Lena said at the time that it was the best that could have happened as my residence at Ashland avenue was under police surveillance on account of the threat of some Italians to blow up our house.

In November, 1917, the golden jubilee of Lessing Lodge was celebrated. The participation in the celebration was marvelous. The success was such as I had achieved but once before, namely, at the celebration of the Rebellion of Holstein in March, 1898. We had visitors from Philadelphia, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Milwaukee and many other cities. My souvenir program found general approval. It did not contain any advertisements and I was commended for it not only from American lodges but also from Masonic lodges in Germany. The celebration was held in the Masonic Temple on Oakley boulevard, beginning at

2 o'clock in the afternoon and ending at 6 o'clock the following morning, when the last participants left the hall. Judge Scully and his wife, who could talk German and so could understand the speeches made in German, were also present. They, although strict Catholics, expressed themselves as most highly pleased with the proceedings and with the fine people they had met there.

In the meantime, President Wilson under the phrase of "He Kept Us Out Of War" had been re-elected, yet we were dragged into that momentous struggle. As a consequence, the German-Americans in every manner and form were molested and persecuted, and very frequently I was called upon to get people out of trouble which they had gotten into as a result of these obnoxious actions, especially the ones who had not been fully naturalized. I kept many from being sent into concentration camps. I cannot fail to remark that these persecutions, based on false and vile denunciations, reminded me of what I had read about the Spanish Inquisition. Mr. Clabaugh, the local representative of the Department of Justice, acted in a rather decent and just manner, although he had to give up his position in favor of a more brutal official, of whom not many pleasant things can be said. My dear Lena also was relentlessly dragged down-town, because it was falsely said she had helped a young Servian, the son of our janitor, whose name she did not even know, to evade the law. Of course I hurried to the Federal Building and in plain language, demanded to know the name of the informant. On account of the excitement, my dear helpmate became seriously ill and was in bed nearly three weeks. I was down-town either in one court or another most every day, especially as interpreter, in order to help the accused people. I must admit that several of our Chicago judges were very liberal and permitted most of the accused to go free, especially as no complainant appeared. In the Department of Justice I was frequently received with the greeting: "Here

again?", whereupon I invariably answered: "Yes, to drag some good American citizen out of your claws."

I wish to mention here a few of the interesting cases. In the northern part of the city of Elgin, in Cook County, a German-Evangelical community had their church on property belonging to some Methodists, who wanted to drive away the German worshipers. I presented this case of religious intolerance to Judge Scully, who thereupon prohibited the Methodists from undertaking any steps against the German community.

Miss Springe, for thirty years a teacher in our public schools, and a citizen for over twenty years, had committed the great crime of sending German books to some of the people interned in the concentration camps, which was done with the permission of the police department, and the recipients thanked her on postal cards expressing their thanks in the German language. It was considered a crime against the Government to have received these postal cards, and she was dragged before the court of justice. The accusing complainant was not present, and, of course, she was discharged.

In Aurora lived a man by the name of Mr. Hendricks, a native of Ostfriesland. When the war broke out, many German vessels, especially sailing vessels, sought refuge in the American harbors. Some of the sailors, knowing Mr. Hendricks, went to visit him in Aurora, where they received money sent them from Germany. But when the United States entered the war, they were interned and did not receive further assistance from their people at home. When in the concentration camp, Mr. Hendricks collected for them \$85.00 among his friends and sent it to them. As an appreciation they sent him the model of a ship made by them, and Mr. Hendricks thought it would be a good idea to start a raffle to get more money for his friends. So he sent some tickets to Chicago, not knowing that thereby he became liable for infringement under the postal laws. For that Mr. Hendricks was brought before the meanest judge that

ever sat on the chair of a tribunal, the well known Baseball Magnate, Kenesaw Mountain Landis, and condemned to four years' imprisonment in Leavenworth. The highest punishment in the Statutes of the United States for such an offense is given as two years, the lowest as a \$25.00 fine. In Leavenworth he also met Dr. Karl Buenz. Mr. Hendricks told me later on that they did not have such a bad time in the federal penitentiary and that they had many an opportunity to escape. The official there recognized that these people were not criminals and treated them accordingly.

Mr. Otto Doederlein, now gone to his reward, brought a letter to me which his wife had received from Mrs. Hendricks, describing the plight of herself and her children, and asked me if I could do anything for the poor fellow and his family. I went to Mr. Bradley, the United States Marshal at that time. and he advised me to make an appeal to the Attorney General of the United States personally, and through some of our Congressmen. I solicited the aid of Messrs. Gallagher, Williams and Sabath. Shortly before Christmas I inquired of the gentlemen what the outlook of our petition was and was informed that the appeal had been favorably received by the Attorney-General. Mr. Hendricks later told me that on Christmas Day he received a telegram from Washington at 8 o'clock in the morning stating that he had been fully pardoned, and as the train for home left within half an hour, he did not wish to lose any time and left most of his things in Leavenworth. The next morning at 7 o'clock he entered his home in Aurora and was received with the greatest joy and thankfulness by his family. It seems that even the President was not pleased by the action of Judge Landis.

The same Judge acted in a similar manner in the Prohibition question, after the legislature had sold the people's rights by its action. As it was said, everyone of our legislators, who had voted for prohibition, had received \$500.00 for his vote.

How true that is, of course cannot be proved. Judge Landis ordered that the books of the breweries be brought into court, that every saloon-keeper, whose name was in the books appear before him and placed them under bonds of from \$2,000 to \$5,000 for their later appearance. An Irishman, who refused to answer the question of the Judge as to whether he had bought beer, was placed under a bond of \$60,000. I went to the court to get him free on bonds and succeeded after I as well as some of my friends had signed his bond. Afterwards it was shown that Judge Landis had no jurisdiction in these cases and that he had done all this on his own initiative in order to show the public what a powerful man he was. It was a time of terror. When later on a report of his doings was presented in Congress, it was shown that over 100,000 cases in the Northern District of Illinois alone had been started in court, but that only twenty-four cases ended in the assessment of a fine of \$10.00 and one case with a fine of \$25.00. But as to the misery and unhappiness thereby brought many families, nothing will ever be known.

When that department was finally abolished, life became somewhat easier. I took an active part in all the protests against the Prohibition laws. I helped to organize the protest meetings and in most cases procured the speakers, whereby my connections with the singing societies and my office as field officer of the United States Retail Liquor Dealers' Association were of great help. However, there were many cowards among the liquor dealers and brewers so that nothing much could be accomplished. Much more could have been done if more unity had been found among the people. Now, however, after we have had the blessings of prohibition for ten years and have an inkling of what the future still has in store for us in this regard, we know that the outlook is most horrifying. The great moral upheaval that was promised us thereby, has turned into the other direction. Poison whiskey is consumed every-

where publicly by women and girls, just because it is prohibited, a condition formerly unknown. The wonderful times at which a frolicsome, healthy, genuine merriment was enjoyed by all are gone. Hypocrisy and unreliability are everywhere.

In the summer of 1921 we made a trip to the western states where many of our friends were living. First we went to Spokane, where Mr. Oswald, the son of the oldest member of Lessing Lodge, was our host. He received us very genially. He was a judge and had just tried a case of violation of the prohibition law in his court. The jury could not come to an agreement. Another case of the same kind against the owner of a boarding stable ended in the case being discharged.

We then went to see an old school-friend of mine in Hartland, where he lives with his sister and brother-in-law. His name was Johannes Bartram and he with his sister had called on us in 1905. On the train we met Mr. Mueller, a brother of the wife of Dr. Matthey of Davenport. She also was born in Schleswig-Holstein and at that time I said the world was too small. In Hartland we stayed two months and travelled around everywhere possible by auto. The son of Mr. Stacker acted as our chauffeur. On the Columbia River one could get whiskey in any quantity wanted. From Hartland one could see four high mountains, continuously covered with snow. We also took a trip to Yakima. In order to reach it we had to cross two mountain ridges. We were staying at a place on the Columbia River which was 1800 feet high, while the mountain itself is 3230 feet high. The second mountain ridge is just as high and running parallel with the first one. A third ridge, about twenty miles south of Yakima, is only 2000 feet high but is the steepest of all.

Yakima is the home of my youngest brother, and Yakima Valley is a real garden of fruits without equal in the world, and everything is created by artificial irrigation.

On the third day after our arrival we visited an Indian settlement, where all business, even the bank, is carried on by Indians. We left home at 9 o'clock in the morning and took our lunch along as for thirty-two miles nothing could be had, not even water. When we were up some 500 feet, a real sand storm set in, and though we had the wind to our back, we could not see the front of our auto. With all that we had to be very careful, but our friend Bodo knew, what to do. The road was so that at every half a mile only could conveyances pass each other. To our great luck, we did not meet a single auto traveling in the opposite direction. After half an hour we were on top of the mountain. The machine had stood the test in taking us up there, but every drop of water in the radiator was gone and the machine was so hot that Mr. Bodo was not able to unscrew the motometer with his bare hands, so that the water we had taken along came in good stead. We had to travel for many miles till we got to a spring of wonderful water to quench our own thirst and of course we enjoyed the lunch there. We got back to Hartland in good shape in the afternoon.

In the beginning of August we left Hartland and went to Portland, where a younger brother of my friend Bartram was living. We remained there for two days, then went south. Our friend Bartram went with us to Los Angeles. On the morning after leaving Portland we came to the Mount Shasta ridge. There the railroad descends 7000 feet in twelve miles, to the station, and from where one can take the train in either direction, upward into the mountains or downward into the valley.

After another twenty hours we came to the Sacramento River, where we had to wait two hours for the ferry to take us across the river to Oakland. Something had gotten out of order on the boat, on which the entire train is ferried over, and so the delay. At the landing place, Mrs. Riemen was expecting us and she conducted us to our hotel where we stayed

for ten days and Mr. Riemen was always at hand to show us the town.

Mr. Riemen knew San Francisco better than my old friend Bartram, who had lived there for many years and was successful in business in the city at the Golden Horn. During the time that the Hawaiian Islands had been independent, he carried on business in great style and became well acquainted with old Claus Spreckels. In San Francisco I did not fail to visit the Schleswig-Holsteiner Verein and also the German Masonic Lodge. It seems that people everywhere knew me, for one day when we visited the State Restaurant in San Francisco, I was greeted by name by the manager and the headwaiter of the restaurant.

From San Francisco we made some side excursions, which were not originally on our program. The officials of the Southern Pacific Railroad treated us royally. We went to visit Yosemite Valley and stayed there for four days. It is needless to give a description of that wonderful part of the United States as one can find this in most any book dealing with the wonders of the world. For the whole trip including an automobile trip into the valley and our stay there we paid but \$48.50. When we left there for further south, we saw a mountain afire, that is the bushes and trees were burning. I thought we would pass the fire quite closely, but we passed it in a circle and when we came to the other side, the fire could be seen on the top of the mountain, coming down hill like a torrent.

The next morning we arrived in Los Angeles, where my brother-in-law, friend Nebel and other friends were waiting for us. We stayed with the brother of my dear Lena for six weeks and while there saw many things of interest.

On the trip south from Yosemite Valley we also saw the Big Trees, through two of which a carriage can easily pass. The trees are of enormous size, something like 150 to 200 feet

in height. One of them was laying on the ground, the root of which had a diameter of 36 feet. A staircase has been built around it so that one can easily ascend it. These trees grow to a height of about 2000 to 2500 feet above the level of the ocean. At a height of 3800 feet up on the mountains surrounding Yosemite Valley is a hotel, which is kept open even in winter. From there one has a wonderful view for 50 miles and more—nothing but rocks and mountains, but no road or trail.

In Los Angeles I visited the German Masonic Lodge, which during the war had to change its name and which is now known as Akazia Lodge instead of Germania Lodge. All around Los Angeles there are a number of chapels and churches built by the Spaniards. In one of them we attended service on a Sunday, where there was an organ over 150 years old, but still having its fine melodious tone. A priest played the organ during the service.

From Los Angeles we also visited the Catalina Islands, where an aquarium with 26 different species of fish can be seen. On our trip to the Islands we saw flying fish. In San Diego, where we also went, an old friend and customer of mine, Jos. Graf, was located, on whom, of course, we called. We went there by automobile; a regular passenger service is established between Los Angeles and the southern city. The autos travel the distance of 132 miles in $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours and service can be had every half hour. On our arrival we were met by our friend Graf, whose first question was whether we had been in Mexico. He at once got an automobile and within half an hour we were in Mexico, in Tia Juana. After we had driven around the town, a real nice sporting place, we returned to San Diego, where we stayed for two days. There in that southern city our dear old friend Emil Geisler had breathed his last, and his body had been returned to Davenport for cremation.

In San Diego one also could see all the old war vessels,

which never had seen service, laying in the harbor, and now offered for sale. A real steamboat could be had for \$100.00 I understand.

From San Diego we returned to Los Angeles. There in the sunny south with its wonderful highways one does not see any auto racers, for everyone, without exception, exceeding the speed limit is sent to prison for ten days. While we were there a well known movie star was passing her time in prison for that offense, but her mother was allowed to visit her every day for a few hours.

In the neighborhood of Los Angeles there is an ostrich farm and also a place where aligators are raised. The country is very hilly and the hills are so high that snow is visible on the hillsides while the roses bloom in the valley. We took many wonderful trips around the country and I was surprised to learn how many former Chicagoans had made their home there.

But all—even the most beautiful days come to an end and thus came the time for us to say goodbye to that paradise. At the end of September we started home, and three days and nights later we arrived in Chicago, after having seen so many beautiful and interesting scenes and doings in our new Vaterland.

Immediately upon our return, my work began. First of all I had to start the preparation for the coming singing festival of the North American Singing Societies. It was the 75th anniversary of the association and before I knew it, I was on nine committees working for its success. I really did not have much to do as I had given up my office as secretary years ago. The celebration was a great success not only in respect to the songs presented at the festival, but also financially. To my sorrow, many of the friends who had in former years participated in these affairs, were gone and many leading singers and members of the lodges and societies were absent, to appear

no more in our circles. I was elected honorary member of the Association.

Lessing Lodge arranged a special celebration in my honor at the fiftieth anniversary as a member of that Lodge and I was presented with a gold medal. From Berlin they also sent me a gold medal with three globes on it. When we celebrated the golden jubilee of Lessing Lodge, I was the ninth-oldest member, but now I am the oldest living of all the brothers there. Time passes. How long yet, and I shall enter the eternal East, to join those who have passed before.

I can say that I have done a great deal for the local German-Americans, but I believe that no nation can be found but the German wherein the proverb is so true that "Ingratitude is the World's Reward." I told it to the officials in the German Department of the Exterior and will refer to that later on.

The days come on and pass by, morning comes after night, but the wonderful times we had with the singers and especially at the Masonic Lodge "Aurora" in Milwaukee, will never occur again, but they are chiseled into my memory for all times to come. Prohibition has ruined everything. Who can celebrate and be happy and merry with a glass of cold water, or with unfermented wine or coffee—when whiskey is gulped down on the sly—and what kind of whiskey in general? That may be well and good for people who never knew what it meant to be happy and merry, never knew the feelings of a person full of vigor and of real happiness.

In 1926 I attended the singing festival in Peoria, where I had not been for years. The city had grown immensely, but the real spirit of the old times was there only in memory.

However, our unruly spirit was looking for new experiences and in 1925 we again made a trip to Europe, namely, my dear Lena, our son, his wife Frances and myself. We went in company with a number of members of the Senefelder Liederkranz on a Norwegian steamer from New York to Bergen. The

captain of the boat came from Itzehoe, Holstein. The trip lasted nine days; we passed very close to Scapa Flow, near the coast of Scotland, where the German warships, which had to be delivered to the Allies, were laying. We came so close that we could see everything visible above the water. The ship on which we made the trip was not a small one and her name was Stavangerfjord. Instead of three o'clock as per our schedule, we arrived in the harbor at two o'clock. On the ship there was a quartet of Norwegian singers from Chicago. There were thirty members of the Senefelder Liederkrantz on board. On our arrival, we were received by a Norwegian general, who made a fine address of welcome and a band played on shore. So our Senefelder had to render a few songs. The reception lasted for about an hour, but our baggage was handled so quickly that we were much surprised by its expedition. The harbor of Bergen is really a wonderful place and I am not surprised that former Kaiser Wilhelm took such a liking to it and visited it frequently. There were about a hundred ships in the harbor, and all greeted us by raising the Norwegian and the American flags. The town itself is wonderfully situated at the foot of a mountain over 1000 feet high. We ascended it by a cog-wheel railway, and of course saw everything interesting in the town, which is one of the oldest in Europe.

It was on a Sunday when we arrived, and next morning we traveled by train through Norway. The trip really was worth making. The railroad rises high into the mountains and most everywhere the snow was covering the ground. At 9 o'clock in the evening we arrived at Oslo, where the same wonderful scenery greeted us as in Bergen. We stayed there for a whole day and saw a battalion of Norwegian soldiers on the march.

Late in the evening we boarded the train for our trip south through Sweden to Copenhagen. The night there lasted but two hours, from 11 o'clock to 1. The next morning, our train was transferred to the other coast on large ferry-boats. In

Copenhagen we were met by two of my former schoolmates, the sisters of my friend Georges, who for many years had been chief engineer here for a big paper factory in Marseilles, but who now lived on a pension. Copenhagen is one of the most beautiful cities in the world and also has many points of interest, as for instance three great museums, which contain very few pictures of saints, but rather many other beautiful pictures and objects of art. The celebrated Tivoli, after which our Riverview Park is modeled, is also there.

Having stayed there for four days, we proceeded to Schleswig-Holstein. At Flensburg we passed the border into German territory. There at once we were received with the accusation that we German-Americans had neglected our duty as it had been in our hands to prevent the entrance of the United States into the war. I had the same experience last winter when I made my trip to Mexico, where I met the same kind of people, who follow the train of thought of the fugitive Wilhelm, that there were only Germans, those with a hyphen could not be thought of. However, in no house in Germany that I visited did I find a picture of the former emperor, while on our visit in 1900 it was found everywhere. These so-called Reichs-Deutschen with their incompetent diplomats from their chancellor of the empire to Count Bernstorff down have always been obnoxious to me. Count Bernstorff now wants to be a Democrat. However, all such accusations hurt so much more when one knows that he has done his duty. The sacrifices that the single persons and the German-Americans in general have made, are not appreciated, they are forgotten.

When at the time it became known that I intended to make another visit to Germany, the United Irish Societies passed a resolution of Greetings to General von Hindenburg on his election to the Presidency of Germany and which was personally signed by many of his admirers. They entrusted the document to me with injunction that I should deliver it in person.

A resolution of the Chicago Evangelical Church to the sister of the General was also given me with the same directions. On a Saturday I presented myself at the bureaus of the Department of the Interior in Berlin and asked the gentlemen whether I should arrange to be presented by the American Ambassador. I was told that it was not necessary as I had been so well recommended by the German Consul in Chicago. I then received a letter from the Secretary of General von Hindenburg that I should deliver the congratulations to him. As we were just on the point of making a trip to Solingen, I called up the Department of the Interior and inquired if the refusal of my personal appearance before the General had been ordered by himself or not. The party on the telephone admitted that this was not the case, but advised me to send a personal letter to General von Hindenburg, which I did, but never received an answer and assume that my letter did not reach the President of the Reich himself as has happened in many other cases, otherwise I surely would have heard from him. About a week later, after an excursion to London, where we were received in the most friendly manner, I received a letter in which I was requested to send in the resolutions and that the German Ambassador in Washington would express proper thanks to the respective parties in Chicago. I sent in the resolutions and received notice that the letters had reached the office in Berlin. But an acknowledgment by the German Ambassador in Washington had not been received four months later.

At that time, a number of members of the German Reichstag, mostly Socialists, were visiting in Chicago and I met them at the German Club, where I related my grievance to them in the strongest terms and remarked that I had it in mind to publish the whole wretched affair in the Chicago Abendpost. They asked me not to do so and finally, after another month's time, the so-called expression of thanks arrived from Washington. I never before said anything about the actual doings in that matter,

but since that time I made up my mind to withdraw from any further German activities. Although I have been a citizen of this country for over fifty years and since my arrival in New York in 1868 I had always taken great pride and interest in German affairs, that attitude of ingratitude spoiled my whole interest for further participation in such affairs.

During our trip to Europe we had a few very fine days in London as well as in Cologne. On our trip to London our ladies had an unpleasant experience with Belgian custom house officials. I at once made a complaint to our Ambassador in Brussels, who answered me that he had heard of such actions on several occasions. I was looking for the offending person on the train, but when we came to Ostende, he had disappeared. Here again our Plattdeutsch stood us in good stead. They talk the Hollandish language there and our Plattdeutsch sounds very much like it. But we did not return to Germany by the Belgian route, but went through Holland, and here again our Plattdeutsch helped us so much that they did not even look over our baggage.

Then we went back to Wald near Solingen, and of course went to Solingen and some other neighboring towns also. There I got into a discussion with some boastful Communists and other wiggly-waggly Socialists, but my rough Plattdeutsch expressions and my huge form of body protected me against any bodily attacks. Two of our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Sellers, accompanied us on a Holland steamer down to Coblenz. Just a few weeks before, some French banditti, who are still occupying part of that territory, had pulled a Catholic priest who had exchanged his railroad ticket for the steamboat ride, but had misplaced his passport, from a boat and fined him 50 marks. The story thereof could not be published in the newspapers, and I was prevented from saying anything about it, but I had the news from very reliable sources.

Our trip along the Rhine was not as pleasant as it had been in 1900. We went as far as Ruedesheim, stayed there for two

days and visited the Niederwald monument. Our friend Graf, the wine dealer, was not among the living.

I here wish to say that the railroad administration employed more people than were necessary and everywhere one met officials whose ignorance was supreme. They were mostly Communists and Socialists, who at the expense of the administration had to be employed. As a consequence, instead of a surplus, a deficit appeared in the railroad department.

When we visited the aunt of my dear Lena in Jarmen, we were told in Hamburg and also in Neu-Brandenburg, that we would make good connection in Demin, namely inside of thirty minutes after the arrival of our train; but when we got there we learned to our displeasure that the train had been taken off the schedule two months previously and the next train would leave seven hours later. I found an automobile that carried us the next fifty kilometers to Jarmen. The road was fine except in Jarmen. The dear aunt as well as her daughter were very much pleased to see us again. We stayed there a day and half. She died two months later while we were still in Europe.

In Berlin we met Mr. and Mrs. Missfeldt. The lady we had known since 1900; she was the daughter of poet Johann Meyer. In Ruedesheim and Wiesbaden, in Frankfort on the Main and in Heidelberg we were no better received than elsewhere in Germany. It was the same story that the German-Americans had not done their duty. However, we went to see everything of interest and also visited the grave of the grandfather of our daughter-in-law in Wiesbaden. There, our ladies were chased away from the city fountain by the black Frenchman. If I had been present that action would have ended in a different manner. All the misdeeds that the French committed, especially against the women, were confirmed by the people—even more crimes that had not become public. In Cologne, if one wanted to cross the bridges over the Rhine to view the beautiful

scenery, he was driven away by attacks with the butts of the rifles of Black Frenchmen. I really am surprised, especially at our German-Americans, that they stand for such treatment and even run to Paris and are satisfied to be insulted by the harlots publicly in the best hotels. The French people did not get a five-cent piece from me. But it seems that our Americans do not wish to learn anything and that they imitate everything coming from the depraved city of Paris. That is the reason that these fine people do not pay their debts. That was the consensus of opinion expressed everywhere in the Rhineland and in Italy.

When we came to Munich, it was the same story. Everyone expressed the tale of forgotten duty, but I did not remain silent. In fact, sometimes the arguments became so fierce that my friend there, Dr. Eberlein, frequently was afraid that I would get into trouble. However, nothing happened. In the breweries everything was lovely, but it was not as it had been in 1900. We also visited the Bavarian Alps and the Starnberger Lake. My son and his wife made an excursion to Vienna from there. In Munich we also visited the museum for prehistoric animals, all of which with few exceptions came from North America. They had been dug up before the Civil War.

From Munich we went to Trieste. When we passed through Jugoslavia in the morning, we saw soldiers in great numbers at the railway stations until we got to Trieste. In Trieste we made arrangements that we could leave from Naples, whereby we gained two more days to stay on land. From Trieste we went by boat to Venice, where we took a gondola to the hotel that had been recommended to us. As this, however, was filled to the limit, we took quarters elsewhere, which formerly had been the house of a Patrician. There everything was of marble—the floors, the stairways, the walls and the ceilings. We remained there for three days and four nights and saw a great deal, also attended a concert on the waters.

Then we went to Florence, where we stayed three days, and

then to the Eternal City, Rome. There is so much to be seen that our stay was much too short even to get a glimpse of the most interesting things as there are 462 churches there, of which 22 are Protestant and 3 Jewish Synagogues—all the rest of them are Catholic. Rome was really lively in the year of our visit as it was a "Holy Year," on account of which the city was overcrowded by visitors. We of course saw the ruins of the Coliseum and St. Peter's Church in the Vatican and we got an entirely different aspect in regard to Christianity. We saw the vandalism exposed as committed by the early Christians in the so-called heathen temples. Only one of them was still in existence, the Pantheon, which was built by the old Romans before Christ.

Now we had but seven days before our departure for New York and so we went to Naples, where also much is to be seen, as for instance Mount Vesuvius, at the foot of which Pompeii is located. We went to see these points one day and also looked down into the fiery mouth of Vesuvius. It was rumbling all the time while we were up there and my dear Lena became afraid, but I told her that was nothing as it was a greeting to us by the old mountain. The vapors are rising all the time, but there is no danger in that, especially if one stands on the wind-side of the mountain. The next day we went to the Blue Grotto on the Island of Capri, which took a whole day. We then remained in the neighborhood for a few days longer and enjoyed the land and the scenery, although the weather had become somewhat unpleasant—it was about the end of September. We also visited some of the refineries where the fine liquors are distilled.

I here wish to add that during our stay in Germany we visited the sausage factory in Frankfort on the Main, from where the name of our "Frankforts" comes. The factory, over 150 years old, was located on a side street. The building does not bear any comparison with our Chicago sausage factories. While we were there, we also visited a Kneipe (combination saloon and restaurant) on a Sunday morning, which was called "Der Alte Fritz,"

and which was mostly patronized by students who had a lot of thirst but little money. We treated them and they cheered Chicago repeatedly.

Our European trip now had come to an end and we met quite a few people from Chicago, but we had to board the ship, an old steamer of the former Austrian line, to proceed to New York. The steamer itself and the food do not deserve much praise. The Norwegian steamer was much better, and the passengers in general had been much more agreeable on that boat. We had a nice cabin on deck and for that reason were able to stand the voyage. We passed Gibraltar at night and thus did not see much of that fortress, and in the forenoon arrived at Lisbon, where the boat stopped and we took occasion to look around town and had a good meal there with really good wine. Then the boat stuck its nose into the Atlantic, and the Captain, wishing to avoid an onrushing storm, turned more into a northerly direction to Newfoundland, but as it happened we got right into the path of the storm. Finally we got to New York, happy and healthy, on a Sunday evening, but could not leave the boat before the following morning. At the pier, a son of my old friend Dabelstein was waiting for us and he brought us to the depot of the Pennsylvania Railroad. At 2 o'clock we boarded the train and the next afternoon at 5 o'clock we were in Chicago and at 6 were joyously received by our friends in Hinsdale. Two of our friends had prepared a fine meal for us, which we enjoyed tremendously.

Now we had time to take a good rest. Even if we had been somewhat disappointed by our experiences in Germany, on the whole it was a real interesting and wonderful trip.

The following year we attended the singing festival at Peoria. It was a celebration of the Northwestern Singing Association, and in the late fall of 1926 I celebrated the fiftieth year of my membership in Lessing Lodge, about which I have spoken before.

Our house was in the best of order, we lived happily and contented, when like lightning from a clear sky, misfortune overtook us. My dear and beloved life's companion was suddenly called away from us. We were sitting at table together in the evening, when she suddenly turned to me, looked me in the face and said: "Oh, papa, I am dying!" And she was dead. Our son, who also was present, examined her and could not say anything else but "Yes, my dear, good mother is dead!"

She was interred at Waldheim and her funeral was attended by a multitude of our friends. She now rests there, together with our three children. All that came so suddenly and unexpectedly—although she had reached a ripe old age, 71 years and 5 months—we surely could have lived together in peace and happiness for many, many years, because we had nothing to worry about. It was a noteworthy funeral. From far and near our friends came to pay her the last respects, even from Milwaukee. Such sympathy does good to the heart and soothes the sorrow and pain of parting, but I never shall forget her as long as I live.

A few months later, a nephew of an old friend of mine, Mr. Sievers, from Bremen, who had come to visit us here in America, took me on an automobile trip through Wisconsin and up to Duluth, Minnesota, and Superior, situated on Lake Superior, which is the northernmost city of Wisconsin. Of course, we also visited St. Paul and Minneapolis. I wanted to show my friend the Minnehaha Falls, but when we got there, they had disappeared and the lake had been drained by some land speculators. The Dells in Wisconsin also are not what they used to be on account of the building of dams and other so-called improvements. The same can be said of Starved Rock in Illinois, where through the buildings and stairways and other things the whole scenery has been made unnatural. So it goes with all the beautiful points which by mismanagement and misunderstanding are lost to future generations.

The wonderful towns and cities in Wisconsin and Minnesota

are admirable and the well arranged farms remind one of the beauty of the farms in northern Germany. My young friend, years ago returned home to his father.

During my rest at home, I read much about our neighbor republic, Mexico, also all the bad things said about that country. Thereby I became desirous of seeing that country and so I accepted the invitation of the son of a former schoolmate who was living in Vera Cruz. On January 23, 1928, I went by the Southern Pacific to this interesting county. The second afternoon, after I left home, we crossed the Rio Grande River at El Paso, and the first thing the Pullman porter asked me was whether I would like to have a bottle of beer. I at once ordered one and found we were in a free country where our American hypocritical institutions and laws were not in force. The trip to Mexico City took two more days. On that trip I did not observe anything that smacked of the wild things of which we read so much in our newspapers. On the contrary, I found nothing but the greatest courtesy and friendliness. The only thing that was a curiosity to me was that in front and in the rear of our train an armored car was coupled. However, I did not get to see anything of the so-called bandits. At nine o'clock in the evening we arrived in Mexico City. En route the passengers on the train, who hardly spoke a word of English, had recommended a German-American hotel, where I was well received, but not a single person there could speak German, and a few only a very little English. However, there was a man by the name of Grossman who had lived there for six years, and he took compassion on me and showed me the sights the following day. He had come from East Prussia. We took lunch in a restaurant where mostly Germans and Free Masons had their rendezvous, with whom I quickly got acquainted, and in the evening I visited the German Masonic Lodge "Ewig Treu," where a candidate received his first degree. The next day I was the guest of the Master of the Lodge. I was invited for afternoon coffee, and stayed at his home till eleven

at night. Then I went back to the hotel in a taxi, a distance of about ten miles, for which I was charged three pesos, about \$1.50. The next afternoon I was to meet my friend in the same restaurant, but could not find it at once. I asked a policeman, one of whom was stationed on each street corner. The streets of Old Mexico are very narrow and traffic goes in one direction only. But as the policeman did not speak English, and I no Spanish, I showed him the card of the restaurant keeper. He stepped down from his pedestal, took me by the arm, and led me three blocks to the place, made his *honeurs* and said "Salutos." I answered with "Thank you," but before I could get my purse to give him a *douceur*, he was gone. That was the main thing I observed of the Mexicans—the greatest courtesy wherever I went.

In Mexico City I felt too cold, as the city is situated about 7,800 feet above the level of the ocean. So on the fourth day at 7 o'clock in the morning I took a train for Vera Cruz. It was a wonderful trip and one immediately got into tropical country where everything grows—all kinds of fruits, sweet lemons, of which I never had heard before till I ate one. I did not like the taste. In the evening my friend was waiting for me at the railroad station. At school we had learned that Cortez had landed there, but that is not true, as he landed at a place about 36 kilometers distant, called "Antiqua." There a small river enters the ocean and forms a little island, where today two cannons can be seen in the swampy ground when the tide is out. They were on the boats, which Cortez ordered to be burned so that his soldiers could not leave him. The cannons are of bronze and have been there for more than 400 years.

There a Mr. Hans von Schierbach was living, who had taught five small Indian boys to sing the first verse of four well known German folksongs; namely "Muss ich denn, muss ich denn, zum Städtle hinaus (Must I then, must I then, leave the dear town), Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht (Silent Night, Holy Night), Morgen

muss ich fort von hier (Tomorrow I must leave here) and Mit dem Pheil und Bogen (With Arrow and Bow)." The children rendered these very nice and clear, but they did not know what they were singing. In the evening they escorted us to the bridge over which we had to pass. The bridge was rather shaky. Mr. von Schierbach, who is now in Germany, is very much missed in Antiqua.

After having seen everything of interest in Vera Cruz, also the fortifications on the island, one and one-half miles from town, where the subterranean prisons are, that is, the prisons are beneath the water, as I already had seen in St. Augustine (both fortresses had been erected by the Spaniards), I made myself ready for a trip to Yucatan, where two cities of ruins are located—Chi-Chen Itza and Oxmul—the first about 120 kilometers from Merida, capital of Yucatan, the latter but 48 kilometers. To the first city of ruins we had to travel for 20 kilometers by auto; the other is but a 12-kilometer auto trip. There we crossed the highest point on the ridge, 550 feet. But as my friend Schumann could not go with me, he sent his sister-in-law, Miss Selma von Puttkammer, a lady 30 years old, along as interpreter. So one morning we went on a Mexican steamer from Vera Cruz to Progreso, a town of about 70,000 inhabitants and the main harbor to the city of Merida, the capitol of Yucatan. Yucatan has its own railway system. The trip to Progreso took two days and we arrived there at noontime. We had to take an auto to get into the city. When we left there 16 days later, a regular motor line had been installed and for 75 centimos we could get into Progreso. During our stay there, I visited the ruins twice. On one of our trips we went a little off the regular route and a wonderful panorama offered itself to view. We saw a pyramid 198 feet high, and it seemed to be not a hundred years old. On top of it was the castle of Montezuma in a well preserved condition. It was easy to ascend the castle, but much harder to get down again. We camped there for three days and I slept in

a hammock. When I laid down in it for the first time, I fell out of it and put my back pretty nearly through the wall, which was made of bamboo sticks. An Indian woman, about 50 years old, rushed to me, lifted my shoulders and head and helped me to get back into the hammock and showed me how I should lay down. We did not talk to each other as my interpreter was in another part of the house, but I did not fall out again.

The next morning, when we were visiting the ruins, we met a party of professors, two of whom were from Chicago. One of them was a geologist and the other an archaeologist. They made the remark that the ruins in Egypt could not compare with these.

We also visited other ruins, including the Palace of 1,000 columns in a more or less well preserved condition, the age of which is estimated at between 5,000 and 6,000 years. The gentlemen explained that according to their opinion they had been erected about the time of the building of King Solomon's Temple. According to the Bible, King Solomon's Temple was built in such a manner that no hammer was used in its erection, and our scientists stated that these edifices were built in the same manner. No mortar and cement was seen anywhere. Undoubtedly the masters of that art had no knowledge of these materials.

We now returned to Merida and from there traveled to Oxmul, another city of ruins, 48 kilometers by rail and 10 kilometers by auto. On our trip to Oxmul we passed the highest point of Yucatan. The roads are terribly rough and full of stones and only a Ford machine can stand the gaff. When we arrived at the Indian village of Muna, 4,000 inhabitants, a bull fight was in progress, and we were greeted by the burgomaster. We had a drink with him and were invited to view the bull fight. All this was arranged by a letter of introduction by the administrator or rather curator of the Museum of Merida. The next afternoon another bull fight took place and for 2 pesos I had a seat on the balcony between the first ladies of the village, who all

wore gold neck-chains. I was treated very courteously, although we could not carry on a conversation. Not an animal was killed at either bull fight. It always was arranged that way. At six in the evening everything was over; the spectators went home, but returned, as they had done the night before, at nine o'clock, to attend a public dance. After vespers, my lady companion and I went to the church, which was fully lighted, but nobody else entered. We were the only devotees, although Ash Wednesday had already passed.

We came back to Merida on the following day, and I told the people there that the system of boycotting by the priests would have dire results, as the people are becoming more enlightened and in the future would surely not attend church services any further. In Merida we had to wait a week for a Mexican steamer as the seamen's union had declared a strike. There in Merida we became acquainted with the German consul, a very fine man, also the chief of the Secret Service Department, who showed us around the prison there and where the prisoners had to sleep on the bare ground.

Finally we left Merida, or rather Progreso, the harbor of Merida. The steamer was supposed to leave at 8 o'clock in the morning, but it was 5 o'clock in the afternoon before we could get on board, and then we did not receive any supper, but on the next day we got so much more to make up for it. As a traveling companion we had a naturalized Chinese gentleman from Mexico City, one of the finest men I ever met, and a Mr. Hagmeier, born in Baden, owner of a good business in Merida City. Then on the second evening we arrived safely at Vera Cruz, where my friend Schumann was anxiously awaiting us. I stayed there for two weeks and also visited the 30,000-ton Hamburg steamer San Polonia twice while she was laying in the harbor of Vera Cruz. The second time was on a Sunday afternoon. We went out rather late and when we reached the steamer we were told that no further visitors would be allowed on board as the

boat was overcrowded. I called out in Plattdeutsch that it would be funny if a genuine Hamburger and Holsteiner could not go aboard. An officer of the boat, who had heard me, put his head over the railing and motioned us to come up. He also appeared at the trap-stairs and bade us welcome. But six or seven other boatloads of people were not admitted.

After inspecting the ship, we met a party of fellow countrymen on deck, about 25 in all, who most all lived in Mexico City, and had made the trip purposely to visit the steamer. They were all sitting happily at an oval table and were enjoying genuine Hamburger beer. We also took our seats there and asked the steward to bring us some Hamburger sandwiches. He went to the kitchen and came back with the invitation to me to come to the dining room, but that the others could not get anything. I refused the invitation in genuine Hamburger brogue, stating that inasmuch as we had had so much good Hamburger beer, it would be only fair for us to have some sandwiches, and he should go back to the kitchen—and I followed him, and we succeeded in having our wish fulfilled. Four large plates were served and consumed with the greatest delight. Then about 8 o'clock one of the gentlemen ordered Champagne, and when we had our glasses filled, he proposed a toast to a gentleman who had lived in the United States for 59 years, but had not forgotten his mother's tongue, even retained it as if he had just left his fatherland. When I saw that he meant me, I sat down, and a toast was drunk to my further health and happiness. Then I rose, finished my glass to the health and welfare of all present and asked if it was permitted for me, also, to order some Champagne, and my offer was willingly accepted. We then kept on feasting till half past nine, when we had to leave the boat. When I wanted to pay my bill, I was informed that I did not owe anything. and furthermore, my knowledge of the home tongue was due for a reward. The next day I wrote at once to my son, who also speaks, writes and reads

Plattdeutsch, that he always should hold in esteem the low German language.

Many more things were shown me in Vera Cruz, for instance, the exercises of the cadets of the Marine School. Finally I had to say good-bye to my friend Schumann so as to be able to visit the ruins at Mitla, for which purpose he had given me a letter of introduction to a friend in Zapata, a man born in Altona, who had become a Mexican citizen. The town is about 130 kilometers from Vera Cruz, which I left at 7 in the morning. Enroute, about 10 o'clock, the train stopped and eight soldiers disembarked. All trains are accompanied by soldiers. The soldiers marched into the surrounding woods, and I asked the conductor if anything had happened, but he said "No." Shortly before 2 o'clock I arrived at Zapata. The first and only time that someone wanted to take advantage of me during my stay in Mexico happened at the station. The driver of a vehicle wanted 2 pesos to take me to the home of my countryman, although he was entitled to only 1 peso. On my objection, he reduced his price to one peso and a half. In the meantime, the conductor of a city bus motioned to me and I showed him my letter. He invited me by signs to enter the bus, as we could not talk to each other. I paid 10 centavos for the trip of over a mile. He then let the bus stop in front of the house of my countryman, showed me his name on the house sign, said "Salutos," and went his way. That again shows how the Mexicans treat the foreigners.

After my countryman had read the letter, he asked me if anything had happened during the journey. I said no, whereupon he stated that seven bandits and a priest had been captured. I then told him what I had observed with the soldiers, and he answered that was the time and the place where the men had been caught. On my question as to where the bandits are he said, "Oh, they are in their heaven already." I had not seen anything and it was the first time during my stay in Mexico that I had been near such an occurrence. However,

these people are really not bandits, but only poor fellows misguided by their priests.

After I had looked over the town for a day, I continued my trip on the same train to Pueblo, a city of 40,000 inhabitants and 100 churches and one of which, the cathedral, fitted up in solid gold and silver, is said to have cost ten million pesos.

The next morning I continued southward on my trip to Oaxaca, situated near the ruins, but at a distance of about 10 kilometers. After I had been sitting in the train for about 10 minutes, I heard some one speak to me in good American. The conductor had found out that he was an American and brought him to me. I was really happy about it and he kept me company during the entire trip. He was born in the west, a mining engineer for a big New York concern. His name was Carstens and his father had been born in Schleswig-Holstein. His mother was not German, and all that he knew about his father was that he had taken part against Denmark in 1849, had been made prisoner, but had escaped to the United States. I told him some stories of Schleswig-Holstein. He was a real good traveling companion. At nine in the evening we arrived at Oaxaca and he took me to a hotel and later to a theater. In the hotel we met an American professor, whom we coaxed to show us the ruins.

At six in the morning we were ready for the trip. My friend secured a vehicle and away we went. The first stop was at Tula, where the largest tree in the world is standing. It is not the highest tree. I saw the big trees in California and also the giant tree in Antiqua, but this tree here surpasses all the others in regard to width and largeness. Even Alexander von Humboldt, who came to see the tree some hundred years ago, declared it to be the most imposing tree in the world. A metal plate with an inscription had been fastened on the tree. Our guide peeled off a part of the bark so that we could see it. Then we went to the ruins, which are very interesting, but entirely different from the others I had seen in Yucatan. In one court of a ruin, the

Catholics had built a church, which had become very dilapidated, but now it has been renovated so as to be able to collect some money from the people that come to see the ruins. In one of the chapels they maintain a light burning day and night. With assistance of the custodian I saw everything very thoroughly, saw also the large granite stones, some of which have a length of from 4 to 6 and 12 to 20 feet and which had to be transported there. Nobody can tell how, and the quarry is about four miles distant and is still worked today.

At about 1 o'clock we drove to a hotel in Mitla, where we had our luncheon. Before our table was a large and wonderful tree, the splendid shaped structure of which was pleasing to the eye. When we returned my friend Carstens again made his appearance and we stayed together till the following morning, when at 6 o'clock he saw that I got on my train safely, and wished me a pleasant journey. Right after my return home I sent him a book of Count von Luckner in English, and in acknowledging the receipt he said that the book had interested him so much that he had not stopped reading until he had finished it.

From Pueblo I went to Mexico City in an electric bus, one of which leaves every half hour. The distance is 132 kilometers. On the way the bus made several stops, and each time I partook of refreshments. It was a wonderful trip of four hours and a half. The road rises steadily as Mexico City is situated 7,800 feet high on a plateau. I arrived there about noontime and went to the Isabel Hotel, which had been recommended to me by my friend Schumann. A countryman from Flensburg is manager of the hotel. Here I stayed for over two weeks and made several excursions into the neighboring country. The first one to invite me on such an excursion was I. H. Leon, the Chinaman, who drove me around the entire afternoon. However, as I had not received my trunk from Vera Cruz and had no overcoat with me, I contracted a very bad cold, from which I had not recovered when I left Mexico City.

There in Mexico City I also got acquainted with some so-called Reichsdeutsche, who are proud of the fact that they are not citizens of the country, in which they live in pleasure and contentment and accumulate their fortunes. They had it in for the German-Americans and tried to make sport of us because we had given up our German citizenship. However, they came to the wrong party when they tackled me. They also used abusive language about the Mexican government, especially for the reason that that government had enacted a law forbidding foreigners to acquire real estate property. The law had been in force for a number of years when I was there. On account of their unwarranted language they might run afoul of the law some day as it can happen and they will be chased out of the country as undesirable foreigners. That would serve them right just as the too numerous priests from Spain and Cuba and other countries. According to the Mexican laws, only a native Mexican can become a priest and then one only for every 5,000 inhabitants. All the rest of them were ordered to leave the country. They are treated in the same manner as the Indians inveigled into revolt by their misrepresentations, if they are caught in armed fight against the government. A bullet generally is the end of it. We, in America, get the wrong idea on account of the stories given out to us in order to gain our sympathy.

As I learned there are four German clubs in Mexico City. However, I did not visit a single one of them. There are many other clubs, not exactly strictly Reichsdeutsch, and a good German school, attended by 700 children, of whom half are Mexicans. The teachers there live together like cats and dogs; one talks about the other. They are just as inimical to each other as in other places—in Germany as well as in the United States.

In the government circles I got acquainted with a German Masonic lodge brother, who, however, was a citizen of the country. His name was Alexander and we became real friends. His wife was a Cuban, or moreover a Spanish countess, who lost

her title by her marriage. She showed me her coat of arms, but said—she spoke a little English—“what use do I have of a title if I do not have the means to live accordingly.” But, she said, what is more important, I can make good pancakes. That pleased me very much and I gave her my compliments accordingly, and in the evening I had a feast of the finest potato pancakes, made by herself. Twice after that I was honored in this way with these fine home-made potato pancakes. She and her husband, who was born in Mayance, accompanied me to the station when I left Mexico City.

I again visited the German Masonic Lodge and saw the second degree conferred upon a candidate. However, I was really sick. The Master visited me twice, and his wife several times prepared soup for me. Inasmuch as Mr. Stark, the Master, was busily engaged with lodge and other affairs, he sent the Secretary, Brother Alexander, to take care of me.

I had made arrangements with the Secretary of President Calles to meet the President personally, but found that he with the American Ambassador had gone to the hacienda of the President's son in the State of Vera Cruz, and would not return before the end of the Easter holidays or in about twenty days. Brother Alexander wanted to keep me in Mexico City until that time, but I did not care to stay any longer. The same evening I received a special letter from President Calles that he would receive me on April 14th, but I left on the second day after receiving the letter, after I had seen a real bull fight in the capital of the country in company with Brother Alexander.

Upon arriving home, I sent a special letter to President Calles, in which I thanked him for the many courtesies shown me by the citizens of our neighbor republic. I received an answer later on personally signed by President Calles, which is worth more to me than if I had been received in audience by him.

During my stay in Mexico I went to see the Suburb Guadalupe all alone. There I met a lady who asked me if I knew her

cousin in Chicago. I answered the lady who was 78 years old, that I had known him very well, and that he already had passed to the Great Beyond.

My Chinese friend, Mr. I. H. Leon, called to take me for an automobile tour once more to show me a park of beautiful evergreen trees, which were all trimmed into different shapes. Brother Stark also took me out for two days and we visited the Great Sun Pyramid and everything around there, where also a Ratskeller had been established. The route to the Moon Pyramid was too rough, but we saw other pyramids around there, all of which are located within a radius of from 20 to 40 kilometers of Mexico City, and the place to which Cortez had withdrawn, and where, it is said, he sat and cried all night long. Mexico City is undoubtedly the finest city of our continent; it has a million inhabitants, is situated high and dry in a valley surrounded by higher mountains.

Four days before Easter I went north and on the afternoon of the second day I arrived in San Antonio, Texas, and looked around the town in a taxi. I saw everything of interest there and left in the night for New Orleans, where I had not been since 1890. At the railway station I was met by Mrs. Calvin. She had lived in our house in Chicago for five years while her husband was living. I was glad to meet her. I stayed in New Orleans for four days and on Easter day I took part in the Easter celebration of the Knights Templars, which was held in a great synagogue. I took Mrs. Calvin along. I was admitted free after I had identified myself as a Knight Templar.

The youngest daughter of Mrs. Calvin celebrated her birthday on the following Tuesday and I had to stay for the celebration. The family presented me with an Easter Hare which I took along to give to my youngest grandchild upon my arrival home.

Thursday evening I arrived in Chicago over the Alton Road, heartily received by the whole family, and I was glad to be home again after the three months' journey.

But then the consequences of the long and interesting trip manifested themselves and it took weeks before I could recuperate from the strenuous life I had led. My good friend Kinneke then invited me to the singing festival in Milwaukee, which was held in June. He had secured tickets for me for the evening concerts.

Since then I have stayed home, and on Friday, August 24th, I celebrated my 75th birthday. A number of my friends appeared to celebrate with me, mostly ladies, and among them Mrs. Steffen, who, with her parents, had left the old home town on the same boat with us from Neumuenster. She is an aunt of Hugo Arnold, who furnished the fine roast for our feast. I still had 24 bottles of Ruedesheimer, imported by me, which had not been consumed at our silver wedding anniversary. I had preserved it to be used at our golden wedding anniversary. That and other good wines were consumed that evening. Flowers galore were presented to me. From Lessing Lodge, 15 members were present who brought me a bouquet of seventy-five fine roses. With these flowers I decorated the grave of my dear Lena the following day.

But now I will close. I gave my life's history as short as possible and mentioned but few names as otherwise it would have led too far.

At my birthday celebration, many fine speeches were made by Felix von Wysow, Ludwig Hess, Joseph Stein, Anton Kostock, E. C. Wirth, Herman Grau and others, in which they pointed to the rarity of such an occasion. Daddy Grohbecker and Mrs. Bock rendered some selections. Telegrams and letters had arrived from everywhere all over the United States, Mexico and Germany, and even from Denmark, and were read at the festival table. The celebration was a simple and beautiful one and my dear daughter-in-law was lauded for the fine feast that was served and the general opinion was that another such festival

should be arranged soon. Maybe another opportunity will arise for such an event.

From our friend, the youngest daughter of the celebrated Low German Poet, Johann Meyer, Mrs. Bertha Missfeldt, I received a tapestry piece embroidered in the colors of Schleswig-Holstein by her own hands and accompanied by an appropriate verse.

TRIP TO SINGING FESTIVAL AT NEW ORLEANS IN THE YEAR 1890

I find that I should describe the trip to the Singing Festival in New Orleans more in detail. That festival was in so far different from other celebrations as the Mardi Gras celebration followed immediately afterwards, surely interesting for the participants. The fare on the railroad amounted to only \$10, but for the sleepers \$5 extra. I had advised our singers to take the women along, but my suggestion was voted down. I then made the remark that they should look out for a surprise. From Chicago we left in two extra trains, one for the singers and the other occupied by their friends and the women folks. I, with my dear Lena, was in the second train, the first great trip we were undertaking.

The trip to New Orleans was by way of Cincinnati. On the train of the singers, the well known restaurant keeper William Jung acted as caterer. He had an express car arranged as a kitchen and dining room and also had provided all kinds of drinks. We in the second train had to take care of ourselves. My dear Lena had provided sufficiently for eating purposes and we also had a case of bottle beer and very good Port wine, which had been given me by one of our customers. This, of course, proved welcome to our women in the sleeping compartments, so that I could hardly save a single bottle for the return trip.

In Cincinnati the train was late and at the stations where we should have found the opportunity to have something to eat, we could not get anything as they had no information of the extra train. I then bought a coffee pot and a cup and coffee, of course,

so that our women could get something warm to drink. The men got along with beer and butter and bread. The next morning when we came to Birmingham, I jumped off the train, took charge of the dining room and did not let anyone enter unless he belonged to our party. There we had a good breakfast for 50 cents. When we thought the train would start again, we heard that the first train had met with an accident and we would have to wait four or five hours. The conductor and the other man employed by Mr. Jung had been killed, and Mr. Jung and two other men had been injured. In the evening we came up to the first train. A lady in our party had been crying the whole afternoon, clamoring that she knew that her husband had met with an accident. I forced her husband to leave his card table to convince his good wife that he still was among the living and that her crying had been needless.

The next morning at 6 o'clock we arrived at New Orleans and were received with music and song. When they found out that we were not the singers, the reception committee ran away. I had an altercation with a cabby, who demanded \$5 to take us to our friend's home. I convinced him, however, that he could not take advantage of us. I saw a street car approaching, which, however, went in the opposite direction, but only for a short distance. But the street car brought us to the desired address, where our friends were at work preparing breakfast for us.

New Orleans proved to be a very lively town, where all kinds of entertainment could be had. Everywhere the people were very hospitable and the saloons were open day and night. When the singers took in the sights at night, we went to three places, where under police supervision Can Can was danced. We had oysters seven times. Mr. Pomy was the leader and I acted as rear guard so that nobody got lost.

My dear Lena and I had the time of our lives. The brewery had given me \$200 for spending money as quite a few of our customers had made the trip to the singing festival, for instance,

Henry Zoelck and John Dopp, with whom we were close friends. We of course went sight-seeing in the neighborhood and saw the old Spanish fort Alziero and made a trip to Lake Ponchartrain.

After the singing festival had come to an end with a great picnic, the celebrated Professor Hanno Deiler acted as chairman as he was President of the North American Singing Association—most of the participants stayed over for the Mardi Gras. That was the life. Everybody ran around in false faces and in fancy masquerade dresses—and then the shows and the parades. Our room was on a street where we could see everything. Later we went to the overcrowded ball room, where the grandeur of the costumes was beyond description. It was claimed that everything was as beautiful as the Carnival at Cologne.

After Mardi Gras was over, we went to Chattanooga, where we stayed for two days and viewed the battle grounds of Look-out Mountain, then left for home, being well pleased with the historic town of New Orleans.



St. N. Lee

1821

1200/225

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA



3 0112 004869258